

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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HYMN BY ST. COLUMBA.

I.

SWEET is to me in *Uchd Aláinn*,*
On a peaked crag to be,
That I might often behold
The face of the boundless sea.

II.

To look on the heaving waves,
While in their Father's ear
Music forever they chant,
Hymning the world's career.

III.

The level and star-bright strand
No sorrow it were to see,
And to hear the wondrous birds,
Sailing on happily.

IV.

The thunder of crowding waves
To hear on the rocky shore.
And down by the church to hear
The sounding surges roar.

V.

To see the swift-flying flocks
Over the watery plain,
And, greatest of wonders all,
The monsters of the main.

VI.

To see the ebb and the flood
In power upon the sea,
And *Cul-ri-Erin*† there, I say,
My secret name would be.

VII.

And grief would come to my heart,
While gazing to her shore,
And all the many ills I've done
I weeping would deplore.

VIII.

The Godhead then would I bless,
Him who doth all things keep,
Heaven with its orders bright untold,
And earth and shore and deep.

IX.

I would search in all the books
That good to my soul would bring,
Now to beloved Heaven I'd kneel,
And now a psalm I'd sing.

X.

Heaven's high one, the holy Chief,
My thoughts would now employ,
Anon, to work without constraint
Would be to me a joy.

XI.

Dulse from the rocks I would pluck,
At times I'd fishing go,
At times I would feed the poor,
Now in the cell bend low.

XII.

Best counsel in the sight of God
To me there hath been given,
From error he shall keep me free,
My king, the Lord of Heaven!

Macmillan's Magazine.

LEITH HILL.

["Hereabouts is a thing remarkable, though but little taken notice of, — I mean that goodly prospect from the top of Leith Hill. . . . The like, I think, is not to be found in any part of England, or perhaps *Europe* besides; and the reason why it is not more observed is partly its lying quite out of any road, and partly its rising so gently, and making so little show till one is got to the very top of it." — *Camden's Britannia*.]

YES, — thirty years ago

Last Easter Day, two striplings topped thy height

Leaping and singing, turned, in hushed delight

Gazed on the marvellous landscape spread below.

Twenty-four years ago,

Three sauntering friends slowly strolled up : there sat

Long summer hours of jest and tale and chat, —

The shimmering view in sunshine all aglow !

A dozen years ago,

Again I climbed thy side : this time, alack !

With wife, and eldest-born apickaback, —
How the young rascal made me sweat and blow !

I, a few weeks ago

Toilsomely scale thy steep one autumn day,
And land and sky look misty, sad, and grey, —

Or is the mist in me ? I am changed so !

Old friends of long ago,

Buffeted, scattered, world-worn and way-sore ;

Or, won that hill where Moses stood of yore, —

A goodlier prospect than this world can show !

But the great view below,

These counties stretching to the far-off sea,
With chessboard field, toy farm, and pigmy tree,

Are what old Camden saw, three hundred years ago.

Spectator.

M.

* *Lovely Breast* — The rocky heights on the south-west of Iona are called *Uchdachan* at this day.

† *Back turned to Ireland* — Erin no more !

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE eighteenth century, so near to us and yet so far from us, possesses this peculiar charm, that its proximity in point of time enables us to realize to ourselves habits of life, and modes of thought, almost as remote from our own as those of the Elizabethan age. What it requires the powerful imagination of the poet or the novelist to do for us in respect of the sixteenth century, that every man can do for himself in respect of the eighteenth. We can live as familiarly with the men of a hundred years ago as if we had known them ourselves; and yet we are sure that if by any miracle we could be thrown back among them for a day, their talk, their ideas, their very dress, would seem as strange to us as if they belonged to another world. Johnson at the Mitre Tavern, Cowper at the Olney tea-table, Fox shooting partridges at Holkham, Pitt and Bentham playing chess at Bowood, Dr. Taylor and his sleek black horses, might almost be our own contemporaries. Thirty years ago the old tavern life of London still survived. Dinner hours in the country were still sufficiently early to admit of chess and cards being introduced in the evening. A few years earlier Lord Althorpe was still shooting partridges with pointers and setters over the ground trodden by Charles Fox. And numerous Doctor Taylors still survived among the clergy, though they had exchanged their bobwigs and coaches for the less clerical costume of cross-barred stiff ties and one-horse gigs. In the pictures we have hastily recalled, there is nothing strange or unfamiliar. Yet make these figures speak, let them once begin to talk of politics, or literature, or religion, or pleasure, or "society," and we find ourselves in a different world. When personal government by the sovereign was a recognized principle in politics; when the authority of Dr. Johnson was universally accepted in literature; when the Church of England was so supremely popular that the clergy could afford to take their ease and live pretty much like laymen; when the "quality" still frequented Vauxhall and Ranelagh; when ladies of title gave convivial

suppers, and were exposed to the same kind of attentions from their inebriated guests as Marlow pays to Miss Hardcastle — it is difficult to believe that in many other respects life was pretty much the same as at the commencement of the present reign. The immense remoteness of such scenes and such ideas from our own experience was combined with the nearness of the two periods to each other in point of time; so much so that opinions and practice as unfamiliar to ourselves as those of a Strafford or a Rochester, were a matter of course with men whom we seem to know as well as our grandfathers — forms a contrast which is perhaps without a parallel.

Till recent years the eighteenth century had a bad name among us. The Lake school had raised a prejudice against its literature. Reformers of every shade heaped abuse upon its politics. Moralists condemned its vices. The High Churchman of 1833 blotted it from his calendar. It was generally voted an unspiritual, "unideal," and materialistic age; when men had lost their hold on great principles, when faith had given way to sense, and theology to evidences. It was an age of coarse enjoyments, of beef and pudding, and port, and punch, and beer. Mr. Thackeray has remarked how fat people were in the eighteenth century. And it is quite true that in any family portrait-gallery one may trace a marked difference between the faces of the eighteenth and the faces of the seventeenth century. But it was forgotten that the eighteenth century, if not an age of great thoughts, was pre-eminently an age of great deeds. In the eighteenth century constitutional government was established, and the British empire was created. Political eloquence then reached its highest pitch; and there breathes through the language of British statesmen, in their intercourse with foreign states, that "calm pride," as Mr. Matthew Arnold has so well observed, which is peculiar to an age of aristocracy.

Mr. Thackeray, we think, was the first English man of letters who recognized the rich materials which the eighteenth century afforded for literary treatment. And in "The Virginians" and "Esmond," in the

"Humorists" and "The Four Georges," he has shown what good use he could make of them. Since then, George Eliot has given us pictures of provincial and rural life, which though they lie quite at the end of the last century, and partly in the beginning of the present one, are no doubt faithful representations of our country towns and villages any time during the reign of George the Third. Mr. Froude, in his "Short Essays on Great Subjects," has two or three very striking papers on the condition of England during the same period, in which he claims for it the superiority over ourselves in many respects in which we have been accustomed to look down upon it from an infinite height of self-complacency. Still more lately Mr. Lecky and others have given us works of great learning and ability on the same subject; so that public interest in the eighteenth century is now thoroughly awakened, and we begin to see, with more clearness than before, what were its leading characteristics, and to appreciate the wheat among the tares, of which last, no doubt, it yielded an abundant crop.

In looking back upon the eighteenth century, one of the first things which strike us is the air of repose which breathes over it. It reminds one of the land of the lotus-eaters, "in which it seemed always afternoon." And this, too, in spite of an occasional rebellion, or a serious riot, which would startle us out of our propriety at the present day. But the eighteenth century took things very easily. George the Second was rather frightened in 1745; a few Londoners left the city; and a few people in the country, Lord Eldon's mother among the number, got out of the direct line of the armies. But, on the whole, the irruption of the Highlanders seems to have been regarded with great indifference. And it is wonderful how shortly all record of it was forgotten. There are probably fewer local traditions of Prince Charles's advance into England than of any event in history of equal magnitude and interest. The fact is, nobody cared. It was an age in which nobody cared very much. And when the Highlanders retreated the wave closed over them, and left hardly a trace behind. The British public, again remind-

ing us of the lotus-eaters, were in no mind to be startled out of their pleasant doze. They had had enough of action and of motion; they had gone through two revolutions, a religious and a civil one. There had been burning, and fighting, and exile, and confiscation, on and off, for two centuries. They had grown weary of these troubles, and of the principles by which they had been caused. They would fight no more for an idea; of that they were quite certain. And though, when a Spaniard or a Frenchman became troublesome, John Bull flared up for a moment to chastise him, he soon sank back again into his accustomed indolence, basking in the sunshine of domestic peace and prosperity, and venerating the institutions of the country as they enabled him to do so. It is the life of "Old Leisure," that inimitable portrait drawn by one of the greatest literary artists which the fair sex has produced in this country, which greets us everywhere in that happy time — *πρὶν ἐλθεῖν οὐδὲς Ἀχαιῶν* — before the French Revolution had made all the world eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and had brought death and democracy into the societies of Europe.

In spite of the one great question which must still have kept the minds of politicians unsettled during the first half of the eighteenth century, the repose of which we speak extended itself to the world of politics. Till we look more closely into the matter, we are puzzled to know what the Houses of Parliament could have found to talk about during the reign of the first two Georges. What, however, really gave life and meaning to the Parliamentary opposition of those days, was that old antagonism between land and trade which was the growth of the Revolution, and of which the ridiculous side is shown us in Addison's "Freeholder," and the more reasonable one in Shelburne's "Autobiography." The complaint was that by leaning exclusively on the trading class, the government had created an artificial interest, through which they were enabled to override the natural interests of the country, and to defy the majority of the nation. Enough of feudalism still survived to make it generally believed that the landowners under

the sovereign were the natural leaders of the people. And it is the fierce struggle for existence of this ancient principle, with the new political ideas then beginning to assert themselves, which is the key to much of the Parliamentary history of the period. The country gentlemen, then the really independent party, had a second grievance also. They held that the new Parliamentary system was not constitutional. Lord Shelburne, who, for the age in which he lived, was what we should now call an advanced Liberal, constantly speaks of this system as a sham. The monarchy was only a convenient cloak for the real supremacy of a faction, and the dictatorship of a single minister. This, the country gentlemen contended, was not what they meant when they accepted the new dynasty. *Non hæc in fœdera veni*, said the Tory party. They were all staunchly monarchical, and they were now palmed off with a counterfeit. It would be foreign to the purpose of the present article to discuss the reasonableness or unreasonableness of these complaints. We are trying only to realize as closely as possible the Parliamentary life of the period, and what it was that gave reality and meaning to that Tory opposition, so much talked of and so little understood, which was led by Wyndham and inspired by Bolingbroke. We know better since the publication of Lord Shelburne's life what Sir William talked about to the Somersetshire squires when he assembled them round his table at Orchard Wyndham, or drank a glass of punch with them at the neighboring bowling-green. "During the first twenty years of the reign of George II. there were three parties: first, the old Whigs, who entirely composed the administration; secondly, the discontented Whigs, who, one after another, quarrelled with Sir Robert Walpole and the main body; thirdly, the Tories, to whose character and principles sufficient justice has not been done, owing to the never-ceasing outcry of ministers in confounding them with the Jacobites; but, in fact, they were the landed interest of England, who desired to see an honorable, dignified government, conducted with order and due economy and due subordination, in oppo-

sition to the Whigs, who courted the mob in the first instance, and in the next the commercial interest."

These, then, were the real principles of opposition. The Whigs had exalted the trading interest at the expense of the land, and, by setting up a sham monarchy instead of a real one, had violated the spirit of the constitution. But, on the whole, it was an age of repose. Ministers had to undergo an annual baiting on the Germanizing policy of the court and on the increase of the national debt, the bugbear which afflicted our ancestors with a perpetual panic. But the outside political world was stirred hardly by a single ripple. Of legal or constitutional changes no serious sound was ever heard. When Walpole was asked by the Dissenters when the time would arrive for removing their disabilities, he answered, "Never." Now and then there was a murmur of triennial Parliaments, and a whisper of Parliamentary reform. But the aversion of the people to any further changes was too deeply rooted to permit of either question being seriously entertained, and established institutions slumbered on in absolute security. In spite of the parvenu trade, the peerage and the gentry were still the real governing powers in the country, and their supremacy was cheerfully accepted as one of the eternal laws of nature. Mr. Lecky, in a very fine passage, sums up the advantages and disadvantages of aristocratic government, deciding in its favor by several lengths—if I may use such an expression. By the aristocracy, however, he seems to mean principally the nobility; and he is clearly of opinion that the oligarchical arrangements of the eighteenth century, against which the country party protested so long and so loudly, were a decided benefit to the nation. He thinks that, as far as they still exist, they are so still. But this is a political speculation upon which I am precluded from entering.

If we turn to the Church, we find her still regarded by ninety-nine hundredths of the people as our great bulwark against Popery; and her external repose during this long period of time was even still more unruffled than the repose of the political world. It must not, however, be supposed

that the apparent torpor of the eighteenth century was inconsistent with practical religion. *Clarissa Harlowe*, as Mr. Froude points out, found daily service in the London churches as easily as she could now; and Cowper found the same at Huntingdon in 1765. This was not the case in rural parishes, it is true; but George Eliot testifies to the truly religious spirit of the English farmers and peasantry seventy and eighty years ago: and what they were then we may reasonably conclude them to have been seventy and eighty years before. They had that kind of religiousness which springs from absolute belief in the doctrines of religion—and when it is said that the eighteenth century was not an age of faith, the statement can only be received with considerable reservation, and in reference to a sphere of thought far removed above the level even of the middle classes. Controversial theologians admitted that no doctrine could be authorized by faith which was not accepted by reason. But the great mass of the people knew nothing of such theories.

"To the masses of the English people," says Mr. Froude, "to the parishioners who gathered on Sunday into the churches, whose ideas were confined to the round of their common occupations, who never left their own neighborhood, never saw a newspaper or read a book but the Bible and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the main facts of the gospel history were as indisputably true as the elementary laws of the universe. That Christ had risen from the dead was as true as that the sun had risen that morning. That they would themselves rise was as certain as that they would die, and as positively would one day be called to judgment for the good or ill they had done in life."

And as was their religious, so was their moral repose. No troublesome doubts, no distracting newspapers, found their way into those peaceful villages, where parson and squire, farmer and laborer, made up a little community by themselves, self-contained, self-governed, satisfied with themselves and with each other, and knowing nothing and caring nothing for the great world outside. The natural and "underrived" authority of the gentry and clergy was as unquestioned as the law which they administered, or the doctrines which they preached. One generation succeeded to another, but life continued just the same. The old man saw in his age the things which he had seen in his youth. That longing for confirmed tranquillity which Wordsworth speaks of as one of the

strongest instincts of our nature, might then be satisfied. At the present day we never know how soon any of our old landmarks, be they customs, institutions, beliefs, or even the mere features of nature, may be ruthlessly demolished. We scarcely dare allow our affections to go out from us to twine themselves round any external object, for fear it should be suddenly torn up. To be afraid to love anything, for fear we should be obliged to mourn for it, is one form of human unhappiness for which heavy compensation of some kind is due to us at the hands of progress. The eighteenth century had little progress; but then it had little worry, and no doubt. The most ardent Ritualist nowadays, says the essayist already quoted, feels that the ground is hollow under him. The most ardent Conservative knows that institutions are everywhere on their trial, that authority is everywhere disputed, that subordination is everywhere derided. But to the men of the eighteenth century none of these disquieting elements presented themselves. Everything around them spoke of permanence, stability, and security; institutions were regarded as facts about which it was ridiculous to argue. It was not supposed possible that we could do without the Church and the monarchy. There was a reality and solidity about men's convictions in those days which must have been a great source of moral and intellectual comfort. Happy they who lived in the pre-scientific age! Happy Old Leisure, sauntering by his garden wall, and picking the leaves off the apricots! Happy old vicar, smoking his pipe in peace, unvexed of Darwins and Colensos, scratching the head of his faithful old brown setter, with his old single-barrelled flint-and-steel in the corner by his side!

A good many words and phrases which were once held in high honor in the country have been turned into ridicule by the choicer religious spirits of our own time. Among these "the sober piety" of our ancestors has come in for its full share of laughter, and has been associated in people's minds with square, high-backed pews, fiddles and bassoons in the gallery, nasal responses pronounced by the clerk alone, and a good deal of sleeping during the sermon. Yet it is doubtful if more solid fruits were not borne by this uninteresting tree than are produced either by the fervor of Ritualism or the inspirations of "Humanity." Whether it is a fact or not that English work, for instance, has fallen off since the eighteenth century in thoroughness and honesty I do not undertake to

say; but the affirmative has been widely maintained, without, as far as I know, provoking any serious contradiction, and has been acknowledged with regret by some of the warmest friends and admirers of the working classes. The evil, however, if it really exists, is not confined to them. Small traders of every description are charged with selling and constructing articles which are not what they represent them to be; and that old English pride in a good piece of honest work which was once so general is said to be growing rarer and rarer. If so, I cannot imagine anything more calculated to make us doubtful of the superior religious earnestness of the present day. At all events, without proceeding any further with this comparison, I shall certainly claim for the eighteenth century its own fair share of earnestness both in religion and the duties of daily life.

And there is no doubt that in some other qualities which the general consent of mankind has till quite recent times esteemed highly beneficial to society, the eighteenth century was more largely endowed than its successor—I mean respect for law and constituted authority as such, and that kind of rational self-knowledge which recognizes the facts of human nature, and not only sees nothing degrading in subordination, but accepts it as the one essential condition of all permanent political communities. This, too, is earnestness of its kind—a determination not to be turned away from facing realities by any flattering or sentimental theories which rest on no visible foundation. I hope I shall not be so far misunderstood as to be supposed to deny that there is any other kind of earnestness. There is the earnestness of inquiry and curiosity—the earnestness which seeks the law within the law. But there is also the earnestness which comes of a simple desire to perform our allotted duties under the system of things which we find to be in existence, and asks for no higher satisfaction than the consciousness of having been successful. I cannot help thinking that of this kind of earnestness there was rather more in the last century than there is in the present. The motto of Englishmen then was, *Spartam nactus es, hanc orna*. And it was, I think, the mixture of this simple sense of duty with the coarser moral fibre of the period which produced such men as Clive and Hastings and many of our great Indian and colonial administrators, with whom their duty to their country was an all-sufficient motive of action and

ample warrant for the means they might adopt in the discharge of it.

The coarseness of private manners was only one form of the general license which was the inevitable product of the Revolution. It was not till late in the eighteenth century that society began to recover from the moral shock occasioned by the rupture of old ties, the rejection of old sanctions, and the extinction of an old faith which followed that event. The ideal, romantic, or imaginative element—call it what you will—had been crushed out of Church and State with the expulsion of the Stuarts and the remodelling of our religious institutions on a rational basis. The inevitable result was an influx among the upper classes of both political and religious indifference, which, where it did not end in absolute scepticism, was wholly ineffectual against the temptations of the world and the flesh. The influence, in a word, of the English Revolution upon English morals was the influence of all revolutions upon all morals in all ages of the world. Political infidelity is their first fruit, and social license their second. The effect in England was visible of course long before the final act of that great drama. But with that period we are not concerned. A change began to show itself after the middle of the century. We hear no more of such doings as went on with Queen Caroline's maids of honor; of such letters as may be found in the correspondence of Lady Suffolk. Political corruption began to wane, and, after one fresh outburst under Fox and Newcastle at the beginning of George the Third's reign, subsided forever. Literature became purer, and "Tom Jones," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Peregrine Pickle" gradually became impossibilities. Mr. Lecky has noticed, in a very interesting passage, the concurrent influence of Wesley and Lord Chatham in this purification of the atmosphere. To these names may be added those of Johnson and Cowper. Chatham in politics, Wesley in religion, and Johnson and Cowper in literature, were working for the same end. Chatham infused a wholly new tone into the language of public men. Wesley recalled society to some small consideration for its eternal welfare; and Johnson showed how a man of infinite humor, robust common sense, and of a strong animal nature, could be at the same time "the great moralist," the enthusiastic High Churchman, and the conscientious Christian. The influence of Cowper is to be traced rather in our literature than in our manners; and it must be confessed

that down even to the French Revolution, manners, in spite of Wesley and in spite of Johnson, retained much of their original laxity. That awful crash sobered them in a moment. The English aristocracy began to be afraid of opinion; and Charles Fox dated the downfall of good-fellowship, and of really good conversation, which to be good must be fearless, from the same epoch. So late, however, as 1787, we find plenty of evidence that "society" had not lost its spirits. In March 1787 Sir Gilbert Elliot writes to his wife as follows: "From the Opera I went to Mrs. Crewe's (to supper), where there was a large party and pleasant people among them—for example, Tom Pelham, Mundy, Mrs. Sheridan, Lady Palmerston, etc., etc.; besides all which were three young men so drunk as to puzzle the whole assembly. They were Orlando Bridgeman, Charles Greville, and a Mr. Gifford, who is lately come to a good estate of about 5,000*l.* a year, the whole of which he is in the act of spending in one or two years at most—and this without a grain of sense, without any fun to himself or entertainment to others. He never uttered a word, though as drunk as the other two, who were both riotous, and began at last to talk so plain that Lady Francis and Lady Palmerston fled from their side-table to ours, and Mrs. Sheridan would have followed them, but did not make her escape till her arms were black and blue, and her apron torn off."

And again, two months afterwards: "I was last night at the masquerade at Vauxhall with the Palmerstons, the Culverdens, Miss Burney, Windham, Pelham, etc. I went in despair, as I always do on such services; but it answered vastly well, and I was more amused than usual at such places. The buildings and decorations were really fine and well-designed. No heat nor much cold; a great many people, but no crowd on account of the ground. A good supper, and a blackguardish company, with a dash of good company, and no riot while we stayed, which was past three o'clock; but the Vauxhall *squeak* was just heard, and people were becoming very *tender* and very quarrelsome."

And in fact the extent to which society in those days lived out of doors and in public must have been a constant temptation to intrigue. Its masquerades, its Vauxhall Gardens, its Mrs. Cornely's, afforded every facility for assignments and adventures of every kind; and, if we may credit the *Gentleman's Magazine*, were sometimes made use of for the perpetration of criminal outrages. The miscellaneous

character of the company, moreover, was anything but favorable to innocence; nuns from Drury Lane, and milkmaids from St. James's Square, mixing together with perfect freedom and equality. A further illustration of the laxity of tone at all events, which still prevailed in good society, may be seen in a letter written by Miss North to a female friend, and published in the Auckland memoirs, in which she regales her with the latest piece of scandal in a style as piquant as it is surprising.

One of the greatest social nuisances of the eighteenth century were the men-servants. We all know the figure they make in the plays of that period; the impudent blackguards whom any gentleman at the present day would kick down-stairs before they had been five minutes in his company. These are doubtless exaggerations; but the fact was, that in the fashionable world at that time, a servant was under little more obligation to be civil to his master, than a cabman is now to be civil to his fare. He lived by society, more than by any individual member of it. His real wages were the vails which were paid him by his master's friends; and a place was then good or bad, not according to the character of the employer, the amount of work which he required, or the money remuneration which he paid, but according to the number and quality of his company. This system naturally led to servants being kept in great numbers. In "The Constant Couple" we find a widow lady and her daughter, of good position, but not particularly rich, with four footmen in the house. They formed a society of their own, with their own rights and privileges, and could be as troublesome on occasion as the 'prentices of London were a century before. They had the right of free admission to the upper gallery of the theatre. And when their riotous behavior made it necessary to expel them, in the year 1737, it was not done till five-and-twenty persons had been seriously injured. As they lived principally on board wages, they had their own clubs and taverns, as indeed they have now, where they swore, drank, and gambled like their betters. Of the grievous burden which the system of vails entailed upon the poorer class of visitors, when money was worth nearly double what it is now, innumerable anecdotes remain. Of these the most amusing is of Steele and Bishop Hoadly visiting the Duke of Marlborough, when, on taking their departure through lines of rich liveries, Steele found he had not got money enough for the

whole number, and made the servants a speech instead, complimenting them on their critical powers, and inviting them all gratis to Drury Lane Theatre to whatever play they might choose to bespeak. The worst of it was, that guests were expected to fee all the servants in the house, from the highest to the lowest; and Mr. Roberts has preserved a table of vails kept by one of the Burrell family, in which the gardeners, under-gardeners, under-cook, errand-boy, and nurse figure with the chief domestics. The nuisance, however, was very tenacious of life, and is not dead yet. In fact, among one class of country servants, namely gamekeepers, it is hardly, if at all, abated.

Before quitting London for the country, as the Londoners themselves always did in the month of May, I may glance briefly at the literature of the age of which London was the centre. We all know Macaulay's picture of the degraded condition of literature between the disappearance of the patron and the formation of a reading public, a period of time which may be said to extend from about 1720 to 1780. De Quincey while denying that men of letters were worse off pecuniarily during this period than either before or since, declares that it was then that literature, "from being the noblest of professions, became a trade." He attributes the change to "expanding politics, expanding partisanship, and expanding journalism, which called into the field of literature an inferior class of laborers." This remark seems much too sweeping; and a better account is to be found in De Quincey's own remarks on the influence of novels upon literature. Politics and journalism have no doubt a tendency to debase literature, because, by using it as an instrument, they are compelled to recognize mediocrity. When political writing becomes one of the necessities of society, like medicine or law, we must take what we can get; the very best, if possible; if not, what is possible. But then, on the other hand, in political writing there is always scope for the very highest literary ability. In this country alone, take Swift, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Burke, and Junius, and consider what standards of political and periodical writing they have established, and we shall hardly say that the influence upon literature of "an expanding partisanship and expanding politics" has been wholly bad. With novels the reverse is the case. Journalism, if injurious to the dignity of literature, is favorable to the cultivation of style. Of fiction, on the other hand, if worthier to

be called a fine art, the tendency is rather to neglect form. And, what is more, the popularity of fiction causes it to be chosen as a medium for the exposition of theories, which cannot fail to suffer in a literary sense from the atmosphere with which they are surrounded, though a larger number of readers may at the moment be secured for them. In the political and the religious novel of the present day, we see the system in operation. Yet who can doubt that the political principles recommended to us in "Coningsby" and "Sybil" could have been far more effectively presented in another shape? It was a necessary part of the author's purpose to secure for these theories as wide a circulation as possible; and he very wisely, therefore, sacrificed literary effect to the attainment of a higher object. But that it *was* a sacrifice I shall always continue to think. To mix love, and pleasure, and racing, and hunting with a fine political dissertation, is like putting sugar into dry sherry. More people will like it. But the wine is ruined.

Now in the eighteenth century this system was unknown; Essay kept herself to herself. And nobody can regret that we did not have the "Thoughts on the French Revolution," or the "Letter to a Noble Lord," in the form of a three-volume novel. The humor, the wit, and the singular dramatic power displayed in Lord Beaconsfield's novels, make it difficult to wish that they had been anything but what they are; but, as a general principle, controversy and fiction are not well suited to each other. The comparative effect upon literature of novels and newspapers would make an excellent subject for a special essay; but I cannot carry the subject any further at present, except to add that as the expansion of fiction has been more mischievous to style than the expansion of journalism, literary style in consequence is one of the accomplishments in which the last century was superior to the present one. Lord Macaulay, I suppose, is our great master of style; but then in Lord Macaulay's style the influence of journalism is conspicuous. It is the style of Dr. Johnson taken down from its pedestal and adapted to everyday life — to the time and the comprehension of cursory and hurried readers. In the face of such a master, it would be wrong indeed to say that style is not studied at the present day. Macaulay, in fact, has founded a school. He has done for prose what Pope did in the last century for verse; and what he himself says

of Pope's imitators, might be applied verbatim to his own. Nor is Lord Macaulay, of course, the only English writer of the nineteenth century who has cultivated style as Johnson and as Burke cultivated it: what is meant is, that it is no longer universally regarded as an integral part of literature which no man can neglect who aspires to literary fame. It is considered sufficient at the present day that an author should say what he has to say in an easy and perspicuous manner, without giving himself any trouble to choose the most felicitous expressions, to place each word where it will have the most weight, or to observe the order of thought in the construction of his sentences. Now, if the eighteenth-century men did not always do this, they at least acknowledged the obligation; and the whole prose literature of the century bears the impress of this recognition. You can hardly take up a book or an essay written by a man of any note during this period, without seeing that its composition has been carefully attended to. This was that "elegance" of which in eighteenth-century criticism we hear so much, but which nowadays has fallen into such utter disrepute, that to call a man an elegant writer is almost equivalent to laughing at him.

Nor can I help thinking, I confess, in spite of Macaulay and De Quincey, that literature, if not literary men, was held in higher esteem in the last century than it is in the present one. Has there been any one in this century who has occupied the same position in English society as first Pope, and afterwards Dr. Johnson, occupied in the society of that? It was not merely Pope the poet, or Johnson the moralist, to whom the honor was paid; it was paid to each as the acknowledged chief and representative of English literature. Whether what some people call mere literature, and others pure literature, is considered worthy of any such homage at the present day, is at least a very doubtful point.

The condition into which the English universities were allowed to sink in the eighteenth century was not without its good side, and might be traceable in part to that respect for literature as an end in itself, and not as a means to something else, which university reformers are now endeavoring to revive. The theory still was that the university was an institution for original study and research; that young men went up to it for literary purposes alone and not for social ones; and, consequently, that they were to be left compara-

tively unfettered in their course of reading. Johnson, indeed, says that in his time they seldom read any books but such as were prescribed by their tutors; but still the understanding was that all alike came to read, and that compulsion in the shape of a test examination was consequently unnecessary. The tradition lingered at Oxford till the end of the century; and on the proposed introduction of the new system in the year 1800 it was objected to it, I believe, that it would destroy the independence and the leisure essential to a literary community, and that the yoke of education would prove as fatal to the spirit of learning as, according to the good old joke, marriage is to love. The answer to this was, that you could not kill that which was already dead; that the spirit of learning no longer breathed within its ancient haunts; and that as the university had no longer any claims to live at leisure, she must condescend to make herself useful. Whether Oxford and Cambridge in the eighteenth century really deserved these taunts may possibly be open to doubt. Gibbon's experience of Magdalen, and Lord Eldon's account of his own examination for his degree, have always been received as conclusive evidence on the subject; but Gibbon was a gentleman-commoner, and down to within a very recent date gentlemen-commoners had almost the same license as he had. Lord Eldon speaks only of the examination, and says nothing of the studies of the place. We see from Johnson that in 1730 lectures were pretty regularly given, that attendance on them was required; and that some pupils, at all events, took copious notes of what they heard, since Johnson himself used to go to Taylor at Christ Church to copy his notes of Mr. Bateman's lectures. From what we afterwards hear of Taylor, he does not seem to have been a man of exceptional intellectual activity; and we cannot therefore suppose that his industry was an exceptional case. The college exercises which seem to have been handed about the university, kept up the spirit of emulation to a certain extent; and, on the whole, we should be disposed to think that there was a good deal of exaggeration in the accounts which have come down to us of college life in those days. The university no doubt, like many other things in the eighteenth century, was in a process of transition. She had ceased in great measure to be a metropolis of learning; she had not yet begun to be a metropolis of education. In this stage of her existence she presented, like the old borough

system, one of those practical anomalies which it is impossible to justify to the public either by the principles which they represent or the fruits which they occasionally produce. The university reformers of the present day seem disposed to allow that the educational machinery grafted on to the university at the beginning of the present century has not been without some of the bad effects which were then predicted from it; and political reformers may be found who say as much of the first Reform Bill. But in the case of all such anomalies as the two in question, the world at large is so much more sure of the evil than it is of the good, that when once called in question they are almost surely doomed. The principle seems up in the clouds, among the *τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα*, while the grievance is under our very noses. The results of the old system are not appreciated till they are missed, or it is thought that they will be just as attainable under the new one. At all events, there is no stopping people from interfering with any institution which has not something solid to show for itself. Principles are not sufficient.

The social life of the last century in the two universities must have been extremely remote from the experience of any living men. The coffee-house system seems then to have flourished in the university as much as it did in London. And it appears from Mr. Wordsworth's account that the residents had far greater liberty in such matters than they have now. Undergraduates appear to have spent their evenings at coffee-houses, and to have sneaked into college at one o'clock in the morning without rebuke. Johnson, it may be remembered, talks of drinking with a friend at an alehouse near Pembroke Gate; and Paley, we are told, at Cambridge always went after dinner to the coffee-house in Trumpington Street, and finished with supper at "Dockerell's."

But perhaps the most interesting and curious of all the features of old Oxford life was the Jacobitism which still lingered there within the memory of men who were alive twenty years ago. One such, at all events, used to be pointed out to us when the present writer was at Oxford, in the person of the president of Magdalen, the venerable Dr. Routh, who died in 1859 in the hundredth year of his age. He, we were always told, had seen Dr. Johnson coming in and out of University College, and in the Magdalen common room had drunk to the king over the water. As Charles Edward did not die till 1788, and

as we know that so late as 1770 the French government had designs on foot for restoring him to the English throne, it is perfectly possible that the old habit may have survived down to the time when Routh became a fellow. Scott tells us that Sir Arthur Wardour continued to pray for the restoration of the Stuarts after the family was extinct; and, if so, English Jacobites may easily have continued to drink to it only ten years after it had been contemplated as an actual possibility. Still, to have gazed upon a man who had actually passed his glass over the water-bottle in honor of his exiled king always seems to me, when I look back upon it, more like a dream than a reality. At all events, the fact, if it be one, is only one more illustration of the remark with which I set out, namely, that one great attraction of the eighteenth century is its combined nearness to and remoteness from our own epoch. Mr. Lecky seems to think that Jacobitism disappeared from Oxford at a comparatively early period of the eighteenth century; but the custom of drinking "the king's health," at all events, flourished in full vigor down to as late a date as when that king was Charles the Third. An old Oxford friend has frequently assured me that his own great-uncle remembered the fellows of Balliol going down on their knees in the snow to drink the king's health, and putting a young nobleman under the pump who refused to join in the toast.

Passing from Oxford and Cambridge to provincial towns in general, we find a kind of life in the eighteenth century which is now almost wholly disappeared. In country towns in those days a better class of society resided; there was more leisure and consequently more society than there is now. In the winter-time, the county families often took houses for the season in some adjoining town, where they could enjoy society without going a dozen miles across country through roads covered with snow or ploughed into ruts knee-deep. Theatres, baths, assemblies, and entertainments of every kind then gave life and light to many an old country town which is now almost like a catacomb. Then, too, when so many of the country gentlemen never left home all their lives, they dealt exclusively with country tradespeople, and thus created a market for goods of a superior description, which it is difficult to obtain now anywhere but in London. Then in all the principal county towns there were shops which in all essential accommodation could compete with

the best in the metropolis. The proprietor attended in person, attired with scrupulous neatness, and waited behind the counter himself on his more valued customers. The streets were thronged with carriages, the inn-yards were full, and an air of substantial prosperity pervaded the whole place, which, in too many instances, railways have partially destroyed. By its patronage of local trade, the local aristocracy kept up its influence; and though every town, which was large enough to have two parties, was divided into Whig and Tory, a Radical would have been regarded everywhere with horror as a species of parricide. The mob, generally speaking, were Tories and Churchmen to the back-bone, and the predominant feeling almost everywhere was the one so charmingly satirized in "Janet's Repentance." Into the life of our large manufacturing towns some interesting glimpses are afforded us in the life of Crompton, the inventor of the mule. "The better class of the inhabitants for that time, and for the half-century following, had thus so much leisure time to dispose of, that habits of social intercourse were established, and a consequent courtesy of manners acquired, which, unfortunately, has not been in every case maintained. The theatre was a fashionable and well-frequented place of amusement, and dancing assemblies were frequent and well-attended. The education afforded at the grammar-school was of a high order; indeed the fact that Ainsworth, the grammarian, to whom every English scholar owes a debt of gratitude, was himself educated and afterwards taught a school in Bolton, is sufficient evidence that polite literature was estimated at its proper value, and produced its legitimate fruit."

Thus both the minor aristocracy, who lived exclusively in the country, and the inhabitants of towns had in those days a life of their own more varied and sociable than anything which exists at present in the English provinces. The provincial stage was then an institution of importance. Provincial watering-places were ten times as numerous as they are at present; and shortly after the middle of the century sea-bathing was added to the list of amusements in which the country gentleman could participate. It was some time, however, before bathing-machines were constructed; and when they were, people did not always understand the use of them. My readers may remember the misadventure of Matthew Bramble at Scarborough. The passion for sea-bath-

ing, however, steadily increased, and, north, east, south, and west, little fishing-towns or small seaports became transformed into fashionable watering-places much to the disgust of the old inhabitants, who found the new-comers superior to themselves in station, and as these formed an exclusive society of their own, admission to which became an object of ambition to the local magnates, these were gradually withdrawn from their former associates, and the old social circle was destroyed. Before this time, high and low had been accustomed to meet together at the bar, the fives court, and the belfry, and to join in the amusements of cock-fighting and badger-baiting. "But when they strangers coined," said an old woman of ninety to Mr. Roberts,* "then the town was a-spoiled."

The country gentleman at home in the eighteenth century had quite as full a round of amusements as he has now. The bowling-green was then an institution in every county town of any magnitude, where both sexes met in the summer-time, to dine, dance, and play at bowls. There seems to have been also a great deal of morning visiting as well among the gentlemen as the ladies. Lord Shelburne tells us that, in his time, in Wiltshire—that is about the beginning of George the Third's reign—when families called on each other, the gentlemen were shown into one room and the ladies into another. Wine and beer were immediately placed before the men, "who, when they had done, sent to tell the women." "Several of the best gentlemen, and members for the county," he says, "drunk nothing but beer." On this subject Mr. Roberts has collected some curious particulars. Towards the close of the last century, ale or "strong beer," as it is still called in the western counties, a liquor quite different from London ale, was brought up in decanters marked with an oat, and drunk out of long glasses, after dinner, as wine is now. At some hunt dinners it was the fashion to drink thirteen toasts in strong beer, after which each man drank what he liked. There was a particularly strong beer called Dorset beer—"a foolish drink," as one gentleman calls it, in 1725, who had taken rather too much of it overnight, and felt stupid in consequence all the next day. It may have been this beer of which Edmund Smith drank to such excess that he died from the effects of it, in 1710.

Country life then seems on the whole to

* Social History of Southern England.

have been more sociable than it is now, though manners were much more coarse. But there was one taste which sprang up in the eighteenth century against which no such charge can be brought; that is the taste for landscape-gardening introduced by Kent and Bridgman, and patronized by Pope and Addison. This taste, however, did not spread beyond the higher aristocracy; and among the country gentlemen of modest fortunes ornamental gardening seems to have been very little practised. At the present day, when we come across one of these "ghostly halls of grey renown," now turned into farmhouses, which are so common in many parts of England, it is rare to find any traces of a flower-garden still remaining. We see the old fish-ponds, or the hollows where the fish-ponds were. We see large kitchen-gardens and orchards, and enclosures which were once deer-parks, but few or no traces of extensive pleasure-grounds.

What kind of life went on within these old halls when the men returned from hunting and shooting cannot be understood by taking any one account of country life which has been left to us by any single author. Sir Roger de Coverley, Squire Western, Squire Allworthy, Sir Charles Grandison, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldeston, Sir Everard Waverley, the fox-hunters of Cowper and Thomson, no doubt possess elements of truth. That a country dinner-party, and the long evening which followed it, was sometimes such as Thomson has described in his "Autumn," may readily be believed; and, making large allowance for poetical exaggeration, we might accept the picture as a representative one of rural manners in general in the year 1750. The dinner is of the well-known kind — sirloins, pasties, puddings; the drink is ale, and the talk is of the day's sport. After dinner comes an interval of punch and strong beer, followed by whist or backgammon, during which some men smoke their pipes, while others have a romp with the young ladies. These frivolous diversions over, the business of the evening begins;

The dry divan
Close in firm circle, and set ardent in
For serious drinking,

till all succumb to its effects but one man, and he the parson of the parish. In all this of course there is vast exaggeration; but no doubt Thomson may have seen something not very unlike it among the Warwickshire and Worcestershire squires when visiting his noble patrons. And if for romping we read dancing, and deduct

a certain amount of inebriety, we have a picture before us which is probably not far from the truth. It is remarkable that in this well-known scene, exaggerated as it may be, we have direct evidence in refutation of another social theory on the subject of the eighteenth century, which Mr. Lecky has adopted with perhaps too little consideration. Here we find the vicar dining with the squire on perfectly equal terms, and seeing all his flock under the table. This is not the position of an humble and despised dependant, who leaves table with the cheese, and marries his patron's mistress. Mr. Lecky would say, perhaps, that he was speaking only of one class of the clergy, namely, domestic chaplains and the poorer class of curates. But he does not describe them as exceptions. The fact is, there were the same distinctions between the clergy in the eighteenth century as there are in the nineteenth. There were the sons of poor parents sent to college perhaps because they showed some turn for reading, but without either the interest or the ability to help them to a fellowship or a living, and who scrambled through life as best they could on very humble means, subject to all the mortifications of genteel poverty, and to all the indignities which an age less delicate than our own was sure to heap upon it. But there were also, as there are now, the younger sons of the gentry, who succeeded to the family livings, the holders of college livings and chancellors' livings, all of whom mingled on equal terms with the country society, and took part in both its business and its pleasures. The town clergy, it is allowed, were men of learning and refinement, and generally respected by all parties; so that, after all, the unfavorable picture drawn of the whole body will apply only to a small class.

Whether we take the clergyman of real life, such as Johnson's friend, Dr. Taylor; the clergyman of satire, such as Thomson's "doctor of tremendous paunch," and Cowper's "plump convivial parson;" or the clergyman of fiction, such as Mr. Irwin and Mr. Gilfil, we see equally that the country rector or vicar of the eighteenth century was, *mutatis mutandis*, much what he was in the earlier part of the nineteenth. And the same social distinction which existed then between the two classes of the clergy does even now exist, in a less marked but not a less real form. Mr. Trollope knows this, and has described it too in "The Claverings" with perfect truth. The difference between Mr. Saul and Mr. Clavering is but the reflection of

a real social difference, of which a perfect illustration may be found in the "Life of Jones of Nayland." Mr. Froude's picture of the country vicar in the first quarter of the present century may be appealed to in confirmation of these remarks, since he was substantially the same man as his father and grandfather. "He farmed his own glebe. He was a magistrate, and attended quarter sessions and petty sessions; and in remote districts, where there were no resident gentry of consequence, was the most effective guardian of the public peace. He affected neither austerity nor singularity. He rode, shot, hunted, and ate like other people; occasionally, when there was no one else to take the work upon him, he kept the hounds. In dress and habit he was simply a superior small country gentleman, very far from immaculate; but, taken altogether, a wholesome and solid member of practical English life."

It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that the country clergy of the eighteenth century were socially inferior to the country clergy of the nineteenth. The reverse is nearer to the truth. They were eminently "unclerical" in their habits. Sometimes they were sensual and slothful. The few among them who had any taste for reading were scholars rather than divines, and preferred Euripides to Chrysostom. But they held their own in society, and were just as much gentlemen as they are now; while I confess I am disposed to think, with Mr. Froude, that they had more influence with their parishioners than the present race of clergymen, zealous and ascetic as they may be.

If finally we turn to the farmers and the peasantry of the middle of the last century, we shall have no difficulty in pronouncing its social condition superior to our own. The farmers lived in a homelier and more frugal manner, but they lived in comfort, and were strangers to social discontent. Game was not then preserved as it is now; and Gilbert White thought him a very unreasonable sportsman who killed twenty brace of partridges in a day. Shooting, probably, was seldom or never let over the tenant's head. His landlord was generally resident, and the farm descended in the same families for generations. Witness the old song:—

The farm which I hold on your honor's estate
Is the same which my grandfather tilled.

There was no grumbling at the game-laws in those days, for nobody was injured by them. There was no demand for tenant

right, for the farmers were contented with their own position, and it never occurred to them to ask for any share of the proprietorship. Nor was there any dissatisfaction with the tenure of land in general, as the possession of it was more generally diffused, and it was less coveted than it is now, either as a commercial investment or an *ἀγαθὸν πλοῦτος*. Towards the close of the century, however, a change began. The nabob came into existence. The duke and the marquis were not to be outshone by him; and the process of buying out the smaller gentry began in earnest. Society in general became more ostentatious, and the change, according to Cowper, found its way into farmhouses. But the change was very gradual. And thirty years ago, the old type of farmer still survived in sufficient numbers for middle-aged men to have formed a pretty accurate conception of what he was a hundred years ago.

On the condition of the peasantry it is unnecessary to dilate at much length. The enclosure of the wastes and commons did not begin on any large scale till the last quarter of the century. And we have only to compare the rate of wages with the price of provisions in the reign of George the Second, to see that the ordinary day-laborer was better off than he was at any time between the close of the American War and the great rise in wages which has taken place within the last few years. In his habits he was honest, industrious, and temperate. He had elbow-room in his native village, a roomy cottage, a good garden, and the common for his pigs and geese. The village public-house was comparatively unknown. The church was well attended; and as group after group of men approached the church-porch on Sunday they would be seen to stoop down to untie the strings of their knee-breeches that they might kneel down properly in church. As the century drew to a close, however, the circumstances of the peasant changed. And if we look at Crabbe's account of him we shall see the approach of those conditions which in another generation caused him to become a byword.

Such was the eighteenth century as I love to depict it to myself: a century not overburdened with delicacy or scrupulousness of any kind; but bluff, hale, and hearty, a century of great moral and mental tranquillity, of some coarseness and animalism, and of unruddied religious belief among the great masses of the people; a century in which the landmarks were not removed, and abuses were allowed to

spread in picturesque luxuriance over all our most venerable institutions; a century, nevertheless, of great men and great deeds, in which England rose to a predominant place among the nations of the world, and fitted herself to perform the great part which Providence had in store for her as the savior of the liberties of Europe.

T. E. KEBBEL.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LOTTIE'S SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

LOTTIE made her way down the slopes alone, with feelings which had greatly changed from those of a little while ago. How happy she had been! The hour that had passed thus under the falling leaves had been like paradise; but the portals of exit from paradise are perhaps never so sweet as those of entrance. Her coming away was with a sense of humiliation and shame. As she wound her way down her favorite by-road winding among the shrubs and trees, she could not help feeling that she was making her escape, as if from some guilty meeting, some clandestine rendezvous. In all her life Lottie had never known this sensation before. She had been shy, and had shrunk from the gaze of people who had stared at her in admiration of her beauty or of her singing, but in her shyness there had always been the pride of innocence; and never before had she been afraid to meet any eye, or felt it necessary to steal away, to keep out of sight as if she were guilty. She had not done anything wrong, but yet she had all the feeling of having done something wrong — the desire to escape, the horror of detection. To some the secret meeting, the romance and mystery, would have been only an additional happiness, but Lottie, proud and frank and open-hearted, could not bear the very thought of doing anything of which she was ashamed. The sensation hurt and humiliated her. All had been very different *before* — To meet her lover unawares, yet not without intention, with a delightful element of chance in each encounter, to look out secretly for him, yet wonder innocently to find him, to let her steps be drawn here or there by a sense of his presence, with a fond pretence of avoiding him, a sweet certainty of meeting him —

all these risks and hazards of emotion had been natural. But Lottie felt with a sudden jar of her nerves and mind that this ought not to continue so. She had felt a little wondering disappointment on the previous night when he had asked her to meet him again, without any suggestion that he should go to her, or make the new bond between them known. Even then there had been a faint jar, a sigh of unfulfilled expectation. But now their hurried parting, her own flight, the little panic lest they should be seen, and discovery follow, made Lottie's heart sick. How well she could imagine how this ought to have been! They ought not to have fled from each other or been afraid of any man's eye. It would not have mattered whether the signor or any one suspected. Blushing and shy, yet with full faith in the sympathy of all who saw her, Lottie would have walked down the Dean's Walk with her betrothed: she would have avoided no one. She would have been shamefaced but not ashamed. What a difference between the two! all the difference that there is between the soft blush of happiness and the miserable burning of guilt. And this was what ought to have been. Half Lottie's misery — as half the misery of all imaginative, inexperienced women — arose from the pain and disappointment of feeling that those she loved did not come up to the ideal standard she had set up in her soul. She was disappointed, not so much because of the false position in which she herself was placed (for this, except instinctively, she had but little realized), but because Rollo was not doing, not yet, all that it seemed right for him to do. She would have forced and beaten (had she been able) Law into the fulfilment of his duty, she would even have made him generous to herself, not for the sake of herself, but that he should be a model of brotherhood, an example of all a true man ought to be; and if this was so in the case of her brother, how much more with her lover? If to be harsh as a tyrant or indifferent as a sultan was the highest ideal of a man's conduct, how much happier many a poor creature would be! It seems a paradox to say so, but it is true enough; for the worst of all, in a woman's mind, is to feel that the wrong done to her is worse wrong to him, an infringement of the glory of the being whom she would fain see perfect. This, however, is a mystery beyond the comprehension of the crowd. Lottie was used to being disappointed with Law — was she fated to another disappointment more cruel and bitter? She did not ask

herself the question, she would not have thought it even, much less said it for all the world; but secretly there was a wonder, a pang, a faint sense of failure in her heart.

It is not without an effort, however, that the heart will permanently admit any such disappointment. As Lottie went her way thus drooping, ashamed, and discouraged, thinking of everything that had been done and that ought to have been done, there drifted vaguely across her mind a kind of picture of Rollo's meeting with her father, and what it would be. She had no sooner thought of that than a glow of alarm came over her face, and insensibly of consolation to her mind. Rollo and her father! What would the captain say to him? He would put on his grand air in which even Lottie had no faith; he would exhibit himself in all his vain greatness, in all his self-importance, jaunty and fine to his future son-in-law. He would give Lottie herself a word of commendation in passing, and he would spread himself forth before the stranger as if it was he whom Rollo wanted and cared for. Lottie's steps quickened out of the languid pace into which they had fallen, and her very forehead grew crimson as she realized that meeting. Thank heaven, it had not taken place yet! Rollo had been too wise, too kind, too delicate to humble his love by hurrying into the presence of the captain, into the house where the captain's new wife reigned supreme. The new wife — she too would have a share in it, she would be called into counsel, she would give her advice in everything, and claim a right to interfere. Oh, Lottie thought, how foolish she had been! How much wiser was Rollo, no doubt casting about in his mind how it was best to be done, and pondering over it carefully to spare her pain! She felt herself enveloped in one blush from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet; but how sweet was that shame! It was she who was foolish, not he who had failed. Her cheeks burned with a penitential flush, but he was faultless. There was nothing in him to disappoint, but only the most delicate kindness, the tenderest care of her. How could she have thought otherwise? It was not possible that Rollo should like secret meetings, should fear discovery. In the first days of their acquaintance he had shown no reluctance to come to the humble little lodge. But now — his finer feeling shrank from it now — he wanted to take his love away from that desecrated place, not to shame her by prying into its ignoble mysteries. He was

wiser, better, kinder than any one. And she was ashamed of *herself*, not any longer of anything else, ashamed of her poor, mean, unworthy interpretation of him; and as happy in her new, changed consciousness of guilt, and penitence and self-disgust — as happy as if, after her downfall into earth, she had now safely got back into heaven.

By this time she had got out of the wooded slopes, and over the stile, and into the steep thoroughfare at the foot of the Abbey walls, the pavement of St. Michael's Hill. Lottie did not feel that there was any harm in walking through the street alone, as Rollo thought there was. She wanted no attendant. A little bodyguard, invisible, but with a radiance going out from them which shone about her, attended upon her way. Love and innocence and happiness, no longer with drooping heads but brave and sweet, a band invisible, guaranteeing their charge against all ills. As she went along the street with this shining retinue, there was nothing in all the world that could have harmed her; and nobody wanted to harm the girl — of whom, but that she was proud, no soul in St. Michael's had an unkind word to say. Everybody knew the domestic trouble that had come upon her, and all the town was sorry for Lottie — all the more that there was perhaps a human satisfaction in being sorry for one whose fault was that she was proud. She met Captain Temple as she entered the Abbey gate. Many thoughts about her had been in the kind old man's heart all the morning, and it was partly to look for her after vain walks about the Abbey precincts that he was turning his steps towards the town. He came up to her eagerly, taking her hand between his. He thought she must have been wandering out disconsolate, no matter where, to get away from the house which was no longer a fit home for one like her. He was so disturbed and anxious about her, that the shadow which was in his mind seemed to darken over Lottie, and cast a reflection of gloom upon her face. "You have been out early, my dear? Why did you not send for me to go with you? After matins I am always at your service," he said.

But there was none of the gloom which Captain Temple imagined in Lottie's face. She looked up at him out of the soft mist of her own musings with a smile. "I went out before matins," she said; "I have been out a long time. I had — something to do."

"My poor child! I fear you have been wandering, keeping out of the way," said

the old captain. Then another thought seized him. Had she begun already to serve the new wife and do the errands? "My dear," he said, "what have you been doing? you must not be too good — you must not forget yourself too much. Your duty to your father is one thing, but you must not let yourself be made use of now — you must recollect your own position, my dear."

"My position?" she looked up at him bewildered; for she was thinking only of Rollo, while he thought only of her father's wife.

"Yes, Lottie, my dear child, you have thought only of your duty hitherto, but you must not yield to every encroachment. You must not allow them to think that you give up everything."

"Ah," said Lottie, lifting to him eyes which seemed to swim in a haze of light; "to give up everything would be so — I don't know what you mean," she added hastily, in a half-terrified tone. As for Captain Temple, he was quite bewildered, and did not know what to think.

"Need I explain, my dear, what I mean? There can be but one thing that all your friends are thinking of. This new relation, this new connection. I could not sleep all night for thinking of you in the house with that woman. My poor child! and my wife too. You were the last thing we talked of at night, the first in the morning —"

"Ah," said Lottie again, coming back to reality with a long drawn breath. "I was not thinking of her; but I understand you now."

Lottie had, however, some difficulty in thinking of *her* even now; for one moment, being thus recalled to the idea, her countenance changed, but then came back to its original expression. Her eyes were dewy and sweet — a suspicion of tears in them like the morning dew on flowers with the sunshine reflected in it, the long eyelashes moist, but the blue beneath as clear as a summer sky; and the corners of her mouth would run into curves of smiling unawares; her face was not the face of one upon whom the woes of the world were lying heavy, but of one to whom some new happiness had come. She was not thinking of what he was saying but of something in her own mind. The kind old captain could not tell what to think; he was alarmed, though he could not tell why.

"Then it is not so bad," he said, "as you feared?"

"What is not so bad? Things at home? Oh, Captain Temple! But I try not to

think about it," Lottie said hastily, with a quiver in her lip. She looked at him wistfully, with a sudden longing. "I wish — I wish — but it is better not to say any thing."

"You may trust to me, my dear; whatever is in your heart I will never betray you; you may trust to me."

Lottie's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him, but she shook her head. They were not bitter tears, only a little bitter-sweet of happiness that wanted expression, but which she dared not reveal. If she could but have told him! If Rollo, failing her father, would but come and speak to this kind and true friend! But she shook her head. She was no longer free to say and do whatever pleased her out of her own heart. She must think of him, and while he did not speak what could she say? She put out her hand to her old friend again with a little sudden artifice unlike Lottie. "I have been out all the morning," she said; "I must make haste and get back now."

"I am very glad you are not unhappy," said the old captain, looking at her regretfully. He was not quite sincere. To tell the truth, it gave him a shock to find that Lottie was not unhappy; how could she put up with such a companion, with such a fate? He went in to his wife who had been watching furtively at the window while this conversation was going on, to talk it all over. Mrs. Temple was almost glad to find something below perfection in the girl about whom secretly she thought as much as her husband talked. "We have been thinking too much about it," she said; "if she can find the stepmother congenial it will be better for her."

"Congenial! you are talking folly. How could she be congenial?" cried Captain Temple, with great heat, but he did not know what to make of it. He was disappointed in Lottie. When he had met her the day before she had been quivering with pain and shame, revolted and outraged as it was right and natural she should be. And now it seemed to have passed altogether from her mind. He could not make it out. He was disappointed; he went on talking of this wonder all day long and shaking his white head.

As for Lottie, when she went home, she passed through the house, light and silent as a ghost, to her own little room where, abstracted from everything else, she could live in the new little world of her own which had come out of the mists into such sudden and beautiful life. It was very

unlike Lottie, but what more does the young soul want when the *vita nuova* has just begun, but such a possibility of self-abstraction and freedom to pursue its dreams? Rapt in these she gave up her occupation, her charge, without a sigh. When she was called to table, she came quite gently, and took no notice of anything that passed there, having enough in her own mind to keep her busy. Law was as much astonished as Captain Temple. He had thought that Lottie would not endure it for a day, but, thanks to that happy preoccupation, Lottie sailed serenely through these troubled waters for more than a week, during which she spent a considerable portion of her time on the slopes, though the weather grew colder and colder every day, and the rest in her own room, in which she sat fireless, doing her accustomed needlework, her darnings and mendings mechanically, while Polly remodelled the drawing-room, covering it with crocheted antimacassars, and all the cheap and coarse devices of vulgar upholstery. While this was going on, she too was content to have Lottie out of the way. Polly pervaded the house with high-pitched voice and noisy step; and she filled it with savory odors, giving the two men hot suppers, instead of poor Lottie's cold beef which they had often found monotonous. The captain now came in for this meal which in former times he had rarely favored; he spent the evenings chiefly at home, having not yet dropped out of the fervor of the honeymoon; and on the whole even Law was not sure that there was not something to be said for the new administration of the house. There was no cold beef — that was an improvement patent to the meanest capacity. As for Polly, nothing had yet occurred to mar her glory and happiness. She wore her blue silk every day, she walked gloriously about the streets in her orange-blossoms, pointed out by everybody as one of the ladies of the Abbey. She went to the afternoon service and sat in her privileged seat, and looked down with dignified sweetness upon "the girls" who were as she once was. She felt herself as a goddess sitting there in the elevated place to which she had a right, and it seemed to her that to be a chevalier's wife was as grand as to be a princess. But Polly did not soil her lips with so vulgar a word as wife. She called herself a chevalier's lady, and her opinion of her class was great. "Chevalier means the same thing as knight, and instead of being simple missis, I am sure we should all be my lady," Polly said, "if we had our

rights." Even her husband laughed, but this did not change her opinion. It was ungrateful of the other chevaliers' ladies that they took no notice of this new champion of their order. But for the moment Polly, in the elation of her success, did not mind this, and was content to wait for the recognition which sooner or later she felt would be sure to come.

This elation kept her from interfering with Lottie, whose self-absorbed life in her own room, and her exits and entrances, Mrs. Despard tolerated and seemed to accept as natural; she had so many things to occupy and to please her, that she could afford to let her stepdaughter alone. And thus Lottie pursued for a little way that life out of nature to which she had been driven. She lived in those moments on the slopes, and in the hours she spent at the signor's piano, singing; and then brooded over these intervals of life in the silence. Her lessons had increased to three in the week, and these hours of so-called study were each like a drama of intense and curious interest. Rollo was always there, a fact which he explained to the signor by his professional interest in the new singer, and which to Lottie required no explanation; and there too was her humble lover, young Purcell, who as she grew familiar with the sight of him, and showed no displeasure at his appearance, ventured daily more and more, sometimes daring to turn the leaves of the music, and even to speak to her. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who sat by, watching them all with lively but not extravagant interest, was the only one in the little party who was not more or less excited. As for Lottie, this lesson was the centre of all her life. If music be the food of love, love was the very inspiration of music to her; the two reacted upon each other, raising her to such a height of primitive heroic passion as nobody near her divined — as nobody, indeed, except perhaps the signor, with his Italian susceptibility, was capable of divining. He saw indeed with dissatisfaction, with an interest which was almost angry, that it was not art that moved her, and that the secret of the astonishing progress she made was not in his instructions. What was it? The signor was angry, for he felt no certainty that this wonderful progress was real. Something made her sing like an angel. What was it? not art. The natural qualities of her voice were not to be gainsaid; but the musician felt that the training under which she seemed to be advancing visibly was all fictitious, and that it was

something else that inspired her. But Rollo had no such enlightenment. He remarked with all the technicality of an amateur how her high notes gained in clearness, and her low notes in melody, at every new effort. It was wonderful; but then the signor was a wonderful teacher, a wonderful accompanist, and what so natural as that a creature of genius like this should grow under his teaching like a flower? Though it was to him she sang, and though her love for him was her inspiration, Rollo was as unaware of this as old Pickering in the hall, who listened and shook his head, and decided in his heart that a woman with a voice like that was a deal too grand for Mr. John. "She's more like Jenny Lind than anything," old Pick said; and in this Mr. Ridsdale agreed, as he sat and listened and thought over the means which should be employed to secure her success. As for young Purcell he stood entranced and turned over the leaves of the music. Should he ever dare to speak to her again, to offer her his love as he had once ventured to do — she who seemed born to enthrall the whole world? But then, the young fellow thought, who was there but he who had an 'ome to offer Lottie? He was the nobler of the two between whom she stood, the two men who loved her; all his thought was, that she being unhappy, poor, her father's house made wretched to her, he had an 'ome to offer her; whereas Rollo thought of nothing but of the success she must achieve in which he would have his share. In order to achieve that success Rollo had no mind to lend her even his name; but the idea that it was a thing certain, comforted him much in the consciousness of his own imprudent engagement, and gave a kind of sanction to his love. To marry a woman with such a faculty for earning money could not be called entirely imprudent. These were the calculations, generous, and the reverse, which were made about her. Only Lottie herself made no calculations, but sang out of the fulness of her heart, and the delicate passion that possessed her; and the signor stood and watched, dissatisfied, sympathetic, the only one that understood at all, though he but poorly, the high emotion and spring-tide of life which produced that flood of song.

In this highly-strained, unnatural way, life went on amid this little group of people, few of whom were conscious of any volcano under their feet. It went on day by day, and they neither perceived the gathering rapidity of movement in the events, nor any other sign that to-day

should not be as yesterday. Shortly after the explanation had taken place between Rollo and Lottie, Augusta Huntington, now Mrs. Daventry, arrived upon her first visit home. She was the dean's only child, and naturally every honor was done to her. All the country round, every one that was of sufficient importance to meet the dean's daughter, came to dinner. The dean himself took the matter in hand to see that no one was overlooked. They would all like, he thought, to see Augusta, the princess royal of the reigning house; and Augusta was graciously pleased to like it too. One of these entertainments ended in a great musical party, to which all who had known Miss Huntington, all the singers in the madrigals and choruses of which she had been so fond, were asked. When Lottie's invitation came, there was a great thrill and commotion in Captain Despard's lodge. Lottie did not even suspect the feelings which had been roused on the subject when she took out her white muslin dress, now alas, no longer so fresh as at first, and inspected it anxiously. It would do still with judicious ironing, but what should she do for ornaments, now that roses were no longer to be had? This troubled Lottie's mind greatly though it may be thought a frivolous question, until a few hours before the time, when two different presents came for her, of flowers: one being a large and elaborate bouquet, the other a bunch of late roses, delicate, lovely, half-opened buds, which could only have come out of some conservatory. One of these was from Rollo, and who could doubt which it was? Who but he would have remembered her sole decoration, and found for her in winter those ornaments of June? What did she care who sent the other? she decked herself with her roses, in a glow of grateful tenderness, as proud as she was happy, to find herself thus provided by his delicate care and forethought. It did not even occur to Lottie to notice the dark looks that were thrown at her as she came down-stairs all white and shining, and was wrapped by Law (always ostentatiously attentive to his sister in Polly's presence) in the borrowed glory of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's great Indian shawl.

The party was large and crowded, and Lottie, all alone in it, was frightened and confused at first; but they were all very kind to her, she thought. Lady Caroline said, "How do you do, Miss Despard," with something like a smile, and looked as if she might have given Lottie her hand, had not the girl been afraid; and Augusta, when she found her out, came forward

with a welcome which was almost effusive. "I hear you have improved so much," she said, taking in at one glance all the particulars of Lottie's appearance, with a wondering question within herself where the roses came from, though she perceived at once that it was the same white muslin frock. And when Lottie sang, which the signor managed she should do with great effect towards the close of the evening, Augusta rushed to her with great eyes of astonishment. "Where did you get all that voice," she cried; "you did not have that voice when I went away." "I flatter myself it was I that found Miss Despard out," said Rollo, suffering himself to look at her, which hitherto he had only done when there was a shield of crowding groups between him and his cousin. Before this he had managed to make the evening sweet to Lottie by many a whispered word. But when he looked at her now, unawares, under Augusta's very eyes, with that fond look of proprietorship which is so unmistakable by the experienced, and to which Lottie responded shyly by a smile and blush, and conscious tremor of happiness, neither of them knew what a fatal moment it was. Augusta, looking on, suddenly woke up to the meaning of it, the meaning of Rollo's long stay at the Deanery, and various other wonders. She gave the pair but one look, and then she turned away. But Lottie did not see that anything strange had happened. She was so happy that even when Rollo too left her, alarmed, her heart was touched and consoled by the kindly looks of the people whom she knew in the crowd, the ladies who had heard her sing before at the Deanery, and who were gracious to her, and Mr. Ashford who kept by her side and watched over her "like a father," Lottie said to herself, with affectionate gratitude, such as might have become that impossible relationship. The minor canon did not leave her for the rest of the evening, and he it was who saw her home, waiting till the door was opened, and pressing kindly her trembling cold hand; for, she could not tell how, the end of the evening was depressing and discouraging, and the pleasure went all out of it when Rollo whispered to her in passing, "Take care for heaven's sake or Augusta will find us out!" Why should it matter so much to him that Augusta should find it out? Was she not more to him than Augusta? Lottie shrank within herself and trembled with a nervous chill. She was half grateful to, half angry with, even Mr. Ashford. Why should he be so much more kind to her, so

much more careful of her than the man who had promised her his love and perpetual care?

But even now when she stole in, shivering with the cold of disappointment and discouragement, through the dark house to her room, Lottie did not know all that this evening had wrought. And she scarcely noticed the gloom on Polly's face, nor the strain of angry monologue which her father's wife gave vent to, next morning. Polly wondered what was the good of being a married lady, when a young unmarried girl that was nobody, was took such notice of, and her betters left at home? Did people know no manners? Gentlefolks! they called themselves gentlefolks, and behaved like that? If that was politeness Polly thanked heaven it was not the kind as she had been taught. But the outburst came when Lottie, taking no notice, scarcely even hearing what was said, showed herself with her music in her hands going out to her lesson. Polly came out of her husband's room and planted herself defiantly in Lottie's way. "Where are you going again," she said, "miss? where are you going again? Is this to be always the way of it? Do you mean never to stay at home nor do anything to help nor make yourself agreeable? I declare it is enough to put a saint in a passion. But I won't put up with it, I can tell you. I did not come here to be treated like this, like the dirt under your feet."

Lottie was almost too much taken by surprise to speak. It was the first absolute shock of collision. "I am going for my lesson," she said.

"Your lesson!" cried Polly. "Oh my patience, oh my poor 'usband! that is the way his money goes—lessons for you and lessons for Law, and I don't know what! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you two. You ought to be making your living both of you, if you were honest, instead of living on your father as wants all he's got for himself. But you sha'n't go to any lesson if I can help it," she cried. "You'll stay at home and try and be of a little use, or you'll march off this very day, and find some one else to put up with you and your lessons. It sha'n't be me. I won't stand by and see my 'usband wronged. You'll ruin him between you, that's what you'll do; go back, miss, and put down them books this moment. I won't have it, I tell you. I'll not see my 'usband eaten up by the likes of you."

Polly's diction suffered from her passion, and so did her appearance. Her face grew scarlet, her eyes flashed with

fury. She put out her hand to push Lottie back, who shrank from her with a cry of dismay.

"Let me pass, please," said Lottie piteously. She could not quarrel with this woman, she could not even enter so much into conflict with her as to brush past her, and thus escape. She shrank with pain and horror from the excited creature in her way.

"It's you that will have to go back," said Polly, "not me. I'm the mistress of this house you'll please to recollect, Miss Lottie. Your father's been a deal too good, he's let you do just what you pleased, but that's not my style. I begins as I mean to end. You sha'n't stay here, I tell you, whatever you may think, if you want to trample upon me, and eat up every penny he has. Go and take off your things this moment, and see if you can't be a little use in the house."

Lottie was struck dumb and could not tell what to say. She had not been cared for much in her life, but she had never been restrained, and the sensation was new to her. She did not know how to reply. "I do not wish to be in your way," she cried. "I shall not stay long nor trouble you long, but please do not interfere with me while I am here. I must go."

"And I say you sha'n't go!" said Polly, raising her voice after the manner of her kind, and stamping her foot on the floor. "If you disobey me, I won't have you here not another day. I'll turn you out if it was twelve o'clock at night. I'll show you that I am mistress in my own house. Do you think I'm going to be outfaced by you, and treated like the dirt below your feet? Go and take off your things this moment, and try if you can't settle to a bit of work. Out of this house you sha'n't go, not a single step."

"I say, stand out of the way," said Law; he had come out of the dining-room with his hands in his pockets, having just finished his dinner. Law was not easily moved, but he had now made up his mind that he was on Lottie's side. "Don't give yourself airs to her. She is not of your sort," he said. "The governor may let you do many things, but not bully her. Look here, Polly, you'd better stand out of her way."

"And who are you, you lazy useless lout, that dares to call me Polly?" she cried. "Polly indeed! your father's wife, and far better than you. I'll make him put you to the door, too, you idle low fellow, spending your time with a pack of silly, dressing, useless girls —"

"I say, stop that," cried Law, growing red, and seizing her suddenly by the arm; he stood upon no ceremony with Polly, though she was his father's wife, but he gave an uneasy, alarmed glance at Lottie. "There's some one waiting for you outside," he cried. "Lottie, go."

She did not wait for any more. Trembling and horrified she ran past and got out breathless, hastily closing the door behind her. The door had been open and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy outside, drawing her skirts round her physically and metaphorically so as to avoid all pollution, yet listening to everything she could hear, was walking up and down the pavement. "Me poor child!" the good Irishwoman said, half sorry, half delighted to hear the first of the scandal. "Already! has it come to this? Me heart is sore for ye, Lottie me dear!"

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE CHARACTER OF THE HUMORIST.

CHARLES LAMB.

THOSE English critics who at the beginning of the present century introduced from Germany, together with some other subtleties of thought transplanted hither not without advantage, the distinction between the *fancy* and the *imagination*, made much also of the cognate distinction between *wit* and *humor*, between that unreal and transitory mirth, which is as the crackling of thorns under the pot, and the laughter which blends with tears and with the sublimities of the imagination even, and which, in its most exquisite motives, is one with pity,—the laughter of the comedies of Shakespeare, hardly less expressive than his moods of seriousness or solemnity, of that deeply stirred soul of sympathy in him, as flowing from which both tears and laughter are alike genuine and contagious.

This distinction between wit and humor, Coleridge and other kindred critics applied, with much effect, in their studies of some of our older English writers. And as the distinction between imagination and fancy, made popular by Wordsworth, found its best justification in certain essential differences of stuff in Wordsworth's own writings, so this other critical distinction, between wit and humor, finds a sort of visible analogue and interpretation in the character and writings of Charles Lamb; one who lived more consistently than

most writers among subtle literary theories, and whose remains are still full of curious interest for the student of literature as a fine art.

The author of the "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," coming to the humorists of the nineteenth, would have found, as is true pre-eminently of himself, the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity, the intenser and closer living with itself, which is characteristic of the temper of the later generation; and therewith, the mirth also, from the amalgam of which with pity humor proceeds, has become, in Charles Dickens, for instance, freer and more boisterous.

To this more high-pitched feeling, since predominant in our literature, the writings of Charles Lamb, whose life occupies the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, are a transition; and such union of grave, of terrible even, with gay, we may note in the circumstances of his life, as reflected thence into his work. We catch the aroma of a singular, homely sweetness about his first years, spent on Thames' side, among the red bricks and terraced gardens, with their rich historical memories of old-fashioned legal London. Just above the poorer class, deprived as he says, of the "sweet food of academic institution," he is fortunate enough to be reared in the classical languages at an ancient school where he becomes the companion of Coleridge, as at a later period his enthusiastic disciple. So far, the years go by with less than the usual share of boyish difficulties; protected, one fancies, seeing what he was afterwards, by some attraction of temper in the quaint child, small and delicate, with a certain Jewish expression in his clear, brown complexion, with eyes not precisely of the same color, and a slow walk adding to the staidness of his figure; and whose infirmity of speech, increased by agitation, is partly engaging.

And the cheerfulness of all this, of the mere aspect of Lamb's quiet subsequent life also, might make the more superficial reader think of him as in himself something slight, and of his mirth as cheaply bought. Yet we know beneath this blithe surface there was something of the fateful domestic horror, of the beautiful heroism and devotedness also, of old Greek tragedy. His sister Mary, two years his senior, in a sudden paroxysm of madness, caused the death of her mother, and was brought to trial for what an overstrained justice might have construed as the greatest of crimes. She was released on the

brother's pledging himself to watch over her; and to this sister, from the age of twenty-one, Charles Lamb devoted himself, "seeking thenceforth," says his excellent biographer, "no connection which could interfere with her supremacy in his affections, or impair his ability to sustain and comfort her." The "feverish, romantic tie of love," he cast away for the "charities of home." Only, from time to time, the madness returned, affecting him too, once; and we see them voluntarily yielding to restraint. In estimating the humor of "Elia," we must no more forget the strong undercurrent of this great misfortune and pity, than one could forget it in his actual story. So he becomes the best critic, almost the discoverer, of Webster, a dramatist of genius so sombre, so heavily colored, so *macabre*. "Rosamund Grey," written in his twenty-third year, a story with something bitter and exaggerated, an almost insane fixedness of gloom perceptible in it, strikes clearly this note in his work.

For himself, and from his own point of view, the exercise of his gift, of his literary art, came to gild or sweeten a life of monotonous labor, and seemed, as far as regarded others, no very important thing; availing to give them a little pleasure, and inform them a little, chiefly in a retrospective manner; but in no way concerned with the turning of the tides of the great world. And yet this very modesty, this unambitious way of conceiving his work, has impressed upon it a certain exceptional enduringness. For of the remarkable English writers contemporary with Lamb, many were greatly preoccupied with ideas of practice, — religious, moral, political, — ideas which have since, in some sense or other, entered permanently into the general consciousness; and, these having no longer any stimulus for a generation provided with a different stock of ideas, the writings of those who spent so much of themselves in their propagation have lost, with posterity, something of what they gained in immediate influence. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, even — sharing so largely in the unrest of their own age, and made personally more interesting thereby, yet, of their actual work, surrender more to the mere course of time than some of those who may have seemed to exercise themselves hardly at all in great matters, to have been little serious, or a little indifferent regarding them.

Of this number of the disinterested servants of literature, smaller in England than in France, Charles Lamb is one. In

the making of prose he realizes the principle of art for its own sake, as completely as Keats in the making of verse. And, working thus ever close to the concrete, to the details, great or small, of actual things, books, persons, and with no part of them blurred to his vision by the intervention of mere abstract theories, he has reached an enduring moral effect also, in a sort of boundless sympathy. Unoccupied, as he might seem, with great matters, he is in immediate contact with what is real, especially in its caressing littleness, that littleness in which there is much of the whole woeful heart of things, and meets it more than half-way with a perfect understanding of it. What sudden, unexpected touches of pathos in him!—bearing witness how the sorrow of humanity, the *Welt-Schmerz*, the constant aching of its wounds, is ever present with him; but what a gift also for the enjoyment of life in its subtleties, of enjoyment actually refined by the need of some thoughtful economies and making the most of things! Little arts of happiness he is ready to teach to others. The quaint remarks of children which another would scarcely have heard, he preserves,—little flies in the priceless amber of his Attic wit,—and has his “Praise of Chimney-sweepers,” (as William Blake has written, with so much natural pathos, “The Chimney-sweeper’s Song,”) valuing carefully their white teeth, and fine enjoyment of white sheets in stolen sleep at Arundel Castle, as he tells the story, anticipating something of the mood of our deep humorists of the last generation. His simple mother-pity for those who suffer by accident, or unkindness of nature, blindness, for instance, or fateful disease of mind, like his sister’s, has something primitive in its bigness; and on behalf of ill-used animals he is early in composing a “Pity’s Gift.”

And if, in deeper or more superficial senses, the dead *do* care at all for their name and fame, then how must the souls of Shakespeare and Webster have been stirred, after so long converse with things that stopped their ears above and below the soil, at his exquisite appreciations of them; the souls of Titian and of Hogarth also; for, what has not been observed so generally as the excellence of his literary criticism, Charles Lamb is a fine critic of painting also. It was as loyal, self-forgetful work for others, for Shakespeare’s self first, and then for Shakespeare’s readers, that this too was done; he has the true scholar’s way of forgetting himself in his subject. For though “defrauded,” as we

saw, in his young years, “of the sweet food of academic institution,” he is yet essentially a scholar, and all his work mainly retrospective, as I said; his own sorrows, affections, perceptions, being alone real to him of the present. “I cannot make these present times,” he says once, “present to me.”

Above all, he becomes not merely an expositor, permanently valuable, but for Englishmen almost the discoverer of the old English drama. “The book is such as I am glad there should be,” he modestly says of the “Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare;” to which, however, he adds in a series of notes the very quintessence of criticism, the choicest aromas and savors of Elizabethan poetry being sorted and stored here with a sort of delicate intellectual epicureanism, which has had the effect of winning for these, then almost-forgotten poets, one generation after another of enthusiastic students. Could he but have known how fresh a source of culture he was evoking there for other generations, all through those years, in which, a little wistfully, he would harp on the limitation of his time by business, and sigh for a better fortune in regard of literary opportunities!

To feel strongly the charm of an old poet or moralist, the literary charm of Burton, for instance, or Quarles, or Lady Newcastle, and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others,—he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble ministration, that of which for them he is really the creator,—that is the way of his criticism, cast off in a stray letter often or passing note, or lightest essay or conversation; it is in such a letter, for instance, that we come upon a singularly penetrative estimate of the genius and writings of Defoe.

Tracking, with an attention always alert, the whole process of their production to its starting-point in the deep places of the mind, he seems to realize the but half-conscious intuitions of Hogarth or Shakespeare, and develops the great ruling unities which have swayed their actual work; or “puts up,” and takes, the one morsel of good stuff in an old, forgotten writer. There comes even to be an aroma of old English in what he says even casually; noticeable echoes, in chance turn and phrase, of the great masters of style, the old masters. Godwin, seeing in quotation a passage from “John Woodvil,” takes it for a choice fragment of an old dramatist, and goes to Lamb to assist

him in finding the author. His power of delicate imitation in prose and verse goes the length of a fine mimicry even, as in those last essays of Elia on "Popular Fallacies" with their gentle reproduction or caricature of Sir Thomas Browne, showing the more completely his mastery, by disinterested study, of those elements in the man which are the real source of style in that great, solemn master of old English, who, ready to say what he has to say with a fearless homeliness, yet continually overawes one with touches of such strange utterance from things afar. For it is with the delicacies of fine literature especially, its gradations of expression, its fine judgment, its pure sense of words, of vocabulary, — things, alas! dying out in the English literature of the present, together with the appreciation of them in our literature of the past, — that his literary mission is chiefly concerned. And yet, delicate, refining, daintily epicurean, though he may seem when he writes of giants such as Hogarth or Shakespeare, though often but in a stray note, you catch the sense of awe with which those great names in past literature and art brooded over his intelligence, his undiminished impressibility by the great effects in them. Reading, commenting on Shakespeare, he is like a man who walks alone under a grand stormy sky, and among unwonted tricks of light, when powerful spirits might seem to be abroad upon the air; and the grim humor of Hogarth, as he analyzes it, rises into a kind of spectral grotesque; while he too knows the secret of fine, significant touches like theirs.

There are traits, customs, characteristics of houses and dress, surviving morsels of old life, like those of which we get such delicate impressions in Hogarth, concerning which we well understand, how, common, uninteresting, or worthless even, in themselves, they have come to please us now as things picturesque, when thus set in relief against the modes of our different age. Customs, stiff to us, stiff dresses, stiff furniture, — types of cast-off fashions, left by accident, and which no one ever meant to preserve, we contemplate with more than good-nature, as having in them the veritable accent of a time, not altogether to be replaced by its more solemn and self-conscious deposits; like those tricks of individuality which we find quite tolerable in persons, because they convey to us the secrets of lifelike expression, and with regard to which we are all to some extent humorists. But it is part of the privilege of the genuine humorist

to anticipate this pensive mood with regard to the ways and things of his own day; to look upon the tricks in manner of the life about him with that same refined, purged sort of vision, which will come naturally to those of a later generation, in observing whatever chance may have saved of its mere external habit. Seeing things always by the light of some more entire understanding than is possible for ordinary minds of the whole mechanism of humanity, and the manner, the outward mode or fashion, always in strict connection with the spiritual condition which determines it, a humorist like Charles Lamb anticipates the enchantment of distance; and the characteristics of places, ranks, habits of life, are transfigured for him, even now and in advance of time, by poetic light; justifying what some might condemn as mere sentimentality, in the effort to hand on unbroken the tradition of such fashion or accent. "The praise of beggars," "the cries of London," the traits of actors just "old," the spots in "town" where the country, its fresh green and fresh water, still lingered on, one after another, amidst the bustle; the quaint, dimmed, just played-out farces he had relished so much, coming partly through them to understand the earlier English theatre as a thing once really alive; those fountains and sun-dials of old gardens, of which he entertains such dainty discourse, — he feels the poetry of these things, as the poetry of things old indeed, but surviving as an actual part of the life of the present, and as something quite different from the poetry of things flatly gone from us and frankly antique, coming back to us, if at all, as entire strangers, like Scott's old Scotch-border figures, their oaths and armor. Such gift of appreciation depends, as I said, on the habitual apprehension of men's life as a whole; its organic wholeness, as extending even to the least things; of its outward manner in connection with its inward temper; and it involves a fine perception of the congruities, the musical accordance of humanity with its environment of custom, society, intercourse of persons; as if all that, with its meetings, partings, ceremonies, gesture, tones of speech, were some delicate instrument on which an expert performer is playing.

These are some of the characteristics of Elia, one essentially an essayist, and of the true family of Montaigne, "never judging," as he says, "system-wise of things, but fastening on particulars;" saying all things as it were on chance occasion only, and as a pastime, yet succeeding

thus, "glimpse-wise," in catching and recording more frequently than others "the gayest, happiest attitude of things;" a casual writer for dreamy readers, yet always giving the reader so much more than he seemed to propose. There is something of the follower of George Fox about him, and the Quaker's belief in the inward light coming to one passive, to the mere wayfarer, who will be sure at all events to lose no light which falls by the way; glimpses, suggestions, delightful half-apprehensions, profound thoughts of old philosophers, hints of the innermost reason in things, the full knowledge of which is held in reserve; all the varied stuff, that is, of which genuine essays are made.

And with him, as with Montaigne, the desire of self-portraiture is, below all more superficial tendencies, the real motive in writing at all, — a desire closely connected with that intimacy, that modern subjectivity, which may be called the *Montaignesque* element in literature. What he designs is to give you himself, to acquaint you with his likeness; but must do this, if at all, indirectly, being indeed always more or less reserved for himself and his friends; friendship counting for so much in his life, that he is jealous of anything that might jar or disturb it, even to a sort of insincerity, of which he has a quaint "praise;" this lover of stage plays significantly welcoming a little touch of the artificiality of play to sweeten intercourse.

And, in effect, a very delicate and expressive portrait of him does put itself together for the duly meditative reader; and in indirect touches of his own work, scraps of faded old letters, what others remembered of his talk, the man's likeness emerges; what he laughed and wept at, his sudden elevations and longings after absent friends; his fine casuistries of affection and devices to jog sometimes, as he says, the lazy happiness of perfect love; his solemn moments of higher discourse with the young, as they came across him on occasion, and went along a little way with him; the sudden, surprised apprehension of beauties in old literature, revealing anew the deep soul of poetry in things; and still the pure spirit of fun, having its way again, — laughter, that most short-lived of all things (some of Shakespeare's even having fallen dim), wearing well with him. Much of all this comes out through his letters, which may be regarded as a part of his essays. He is an old-fashioned letter-writer, the essence of the old fashion of letter-writing lying, as with true essay-writing, in the dexterous availing

oneself of accident and circumstance, in the prosecution of deeper lines of observation; although, just as in the record of his conversation, one loses something, in losing the actual tones of the stammerer, still graceful in his halting (as he halted also in composition, composing slowly and in fits, "like a Flemish painter," as he tells us), so "it is to be regretted," says the editor of his letters, "that in the printed letters the reader will lose the curious varieties of writing with which the originals abound, and which are scrupulously adapted to the subject."

Also, he was a true "collector," delighting in the personal finding of a thing, in the color an old book or print gets for one by the little accidents which attest previous ownership. Wither's "Emblems," "that old book and quaint," long-desired, when he finds it at last, he does not value less because a child had colored the plates with its paints. A lover of household warmth everywhere, of the tempered atmosphere which our various habitations get by men living within them, he "sticks to his favorite books as he did to his friends," and loved the "town," with a jealous eye for all its characteristics, "old houses" coming to have souls for him. The yearning for mere warmth against him, in another, makes him content with pure brotherliness, "the most kindly and natural species of love," as he says, all through life, in place of the *passion* of love; Jack and Jill sitting thus side by side, till one sat alone in the faint sun at last, in a way, the anticipation of which sounds sometimes as a too poignant note in the sweetly-linked music of their intercourse, and sets us speculating, as we read, as to precisely what amount of melancholy really accompanied for him the approach of old age, so steadily foreseen, and makes us note with pleasure his successive wakings up to cheerful realities, out of too curious musings over what is gone, and what remains, of life. In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humor on what seemed common or threadbare; has a care for the sighs, and weary, humdrum preoccupations of very weak people, down to their little pathetic "gentilities," even; while, in the purely human temper, he can write of death, almost like Shakespeare.

And that care, through all his enthusiasm of discovery, for the accustomed in literature, connected thus with his close clinging to home and the earth, was con-

gruous also with that love for the accustomed in religion, which we may notice in him. He is one of the last votaries of that old-world religion, based on the sentiments of hope and awe, which may be described as the religion of men of letters, (as Sir Thomas Browne has his "*Religio Medici*") religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century, Addison, Gray, and Johnson, by Jane Austen and Thackeray, later. In its essence, a high way of feeling induced by the constant presence of great things in literature, extended in its turn to those matters greater still, it lives, in the main retrospectively, in a system of received sentiments and beliefs; received, like those great things in literature and art, in the first instance, on the authority of a long tradition, in the course of which they have linked themselves in a thousand complex ways to the conditions of human life, and no more questioned now than the feeling one keeps by one of the greatness of Shakespeare. For Charles Lamb, such form of religion becomes the solemn background on which the nearer and more exciting objects of his immediate experience relieve themselves, borrowing from it an expression of calm; its necessary atmosphere being indeed a profound quiet, that quiet which has in it a kind of sacramental efficacy, working, we might say, on the principle of the *opus operatum*, almost without any co-operation of one's own, towards the assertion of the higher self; so physically sweet, moreover, to one of Lamb's delicately attuned temperament; such natures seeming to long for it sometimes, as for no merely negative thing, with a sort of mystical sensuality.

The writings of Charles Lamb are an excellent illustration of the value of reserve in literature. Below his quiet, his quaintness, his humor, and what may seem the slightness, the merely occasional or accidental character of his work, there lies, as I said at starting, as in his life, a true tragic element. The gloom, reflected at its darkest, in those hard shadows of "Rosamund Grey," is always there, though restrained always in expression, and not always realized either for himself or his readers; and it gives to those lighter matters on the surface of life and literature, among which he for the most part moved, a wonderful play of expression, as if at any moment these light words and fancies might pierce very far into the deeper heart of things. In his writing, as in his life, that quiet is not the low flying of one from

the first drowsy by choice, and needing the prick of some strong passion or worldly ambition, to stimulate him into all the energy of which he is capable; but rather the reaction of nature, after an escape from fate, dark and insane as in old Greek tragedy; following which, the mere sense of relief becomes a kind of passion, as with one who, having just escaped earthquake or shipwreck, finds a thing for grateful tears in the mere sitting quiet at home, under the wall, till the end of days.

He felt the genius of places; and I sometimes think he resembles the places he knew and liked best, and where his lot fell; London, sixty-five years ago, with Covent Garden and the old theatres, and the Temple Gardens still unspoiled, with Thames gliding down, and beyond to north and south the fields at Enfield or Hampton, to which, "with their living trees," the thoughts wander "from the hard wood of the desk;" fields fresher, and coming nearer to town then, but in one of which the present writer remembers, on a brooding early summer's day, to have heard the cuckoo for the first time. Here, the surface of things is certainly humdrum, the streets dingy, the green places, where the child goes a-maying, tame enough. But nowhere are things more apt to respond to the brighter weather, nowhere is there so much difference between rain and sunshine, nowhere do the clouds roll together more grandly, mounting a little way till the sun touches their dun into gold; those quaint pastorals gathering a certain quality of grandeur from the background of the great city, visible from those distant fields also, with its weighty atmosphere, and portent of storm, in the rapid light on dome and bleached stone steeples. WALTER H. PATER.

ROBERT E. COOPER, JR., A FRENCH SKETCH
OF AN ENGLISH BUSINESS MAN,

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE
BY G. W. LATIMER.

CHAPTER I.

ROBERT E. COOPER was a small man, compactly built, with a pleasant face and English features. His auburn hair was kept carefully brushed, and was always divided by a faultless white line. He had light eyes with a frank, honest look in them, a soft and well-trimmed beard, beautiful teeth, and handsome feet and hands.

He was always well dressed in the last fashion, but his clothes were never showy, and were always in good taste. He rose betimes every morning of his life, and went to bed at the same regular hour, unless chance took him to a ball or a *soirée*, when he changed his habits for the occasion.

"I never leave early," he remarked to one of his friends. "It is one of my principles that the man who accepts an invitation contracts an obligation, and must sacrifice his own pleasure to the pleasure of others. At home I go to bed at eleven o'clock."

So he struggled bravely with his need of sleep, and refrained from bidding his host good-night till only three or four people remained in the room.

His voice was sonorous, he spoke gravely, and laughed little. When he did it was not because he was amused, but because he considered that it was proper he should laugh. Then he would give a loud "Ha! ha!" and relapse at once into his usual seriousness.

He was only called "Cooper" by his intimate friends. The foreign population of Yokohama is almost entirely composed of young men, and the prefix "Mr." is generally unknown there among equals. He alone was commonly addressed by it.

If any one accosted him with the least familiarity he always drew back and looked at him severely. The abbreviation of his name to Robert, Bobby, or Bob, inspired him with horror, and even his intimates could not so address him unimproved.

"It has ever been one of my principles," he said to a man who had so far forgotten himself as to call him Bob, "to give every man the name which belongs to him. My name is Cooper—Robert E. Cooper."

He was generally liked by the residents of Yokohama, and as every one in the place had a *soubriquet* of some kind, he was nicknamed *Mr.* Robert Cooper, with a strong emphasis on the first word. He was twenty-eight years old, and agent for an important English house. No books were ever kept more faultlessly than his. His handwriting was plain and bold, and he wrote as he spoke, with great care and solemnity.

Mr. Cooper had been early appointed to the honorable post of president of the Chamber of Commerce in Yokohama, and he fulfilled all his official duties with the utmost punctuality and precision. At public meetings—of which there were a good many at Yokohama between 1860 and 1870, some to establish a new club, some to get up the spring races, some to get

signatures to petitions from the foreign residents at Yokohama to the authorities native and consular at Yeddo, it was always Mr. Cooper who was called to the chair. He enforced the strictest order and the closest observance of parliamentary rules. He spoke well, and spoke often; and had a certain set of high-sounding expressions well known to all his audience, to which they listened with a concealed smile. Mr. Robert E. Cooper never had any suspicion of the popular opinion of his eloquence, and as he never laughed himself either at persons or at things, the idea that he could possibly be laughed at never entered his mind.

He went to church every Sunday of his life; returned all his visits within forty-eight hours after he received them; answered every letter by return of post; never owed a cent to any man; and gave largely to the poor—more liberally indeed than his means would well allow, sometimes by public subscription, but oftener in private charity.

Mr. Robert Cooper had been for eight years agent for the English firm which had sent him to Yokohama, when in consequence of a speculation not shared in by the branch house in Japan, the English house suddenly stopped payment, and it became necessary to wind up the affairs of the establishment at Yokohama.

The news of this misfortune falling on persons to whom he had been long attached, and for whom he always professed the greatest respect, was a severe blow to Mr. Robert E. Cooper. He bore it bravely, however, without complaint or any outward show of feeling, but he at once sent in his resignation as president of the Chamber of Commerce; a resignation which was unanimously rejected by the members of that association.

Soon after he went into business on his own account, under the name of Robert E. Cooper, Jr. Nobody in Yokohama had been before aware that there existed such a person as Robert E. Cooper, Sr. They now, however, learned that he was the father of Mr. Cooper, and that he was a respectable merchant in a small way in London. It was in connection with his father that Mr. Robert E. Cooper, Jr., set up in business; and for several years his prudence and his industry were crowned with brilliant success.

He passed in Yokohama for a man who was very well off, though not a millionaire, and he had just announced in the Chamber of Commerce that he "should be obliged to relinquish the honor of representing

the commercial interests of the foreign population of Japan — his intention being to wind up his affairs and to return shortly to England," when suddenly there arrived at Yokohama the news of a terrible commercial crisis in London by which a number of important and most respectable houses had been obliged to suspend. Amongst these merchants who had been forced into bankruptcy was Robert E. Cooper, senior.

Mr. Robert E. Cooper, on the day when this news reached Yokohama, appeared at his usual hour in the club reading-room, but his face was very white, and he looked several years older. He took up the *China Express* and sat for an hour motionless behind its pages, his eyes fixed on the despatch which contained the names of the London houses wrecked in the great catastrophe. Then he rose; breathed hard, put on his gloves with the methodical, reflective air he wore when he was doing anything, however trivial, and walked out of the club with measured tread, saluting those he passed in his usual style, a lowering of his eyelids, accompanied by a scarcely perceptible movement of his head.

The next day several leading members of the commercial community at Yokohama called at his counting-room, to testify by this attention that they did not consider him in any way to blame for the misfortune which his father's house had just sustained. They found him at his desk, behind his ledger. He did not breathe a word about what had taken place, and no one had courage to open the subject with him.

At this time there was living in Yokohama a young Englishman of good family who had come out to Japan three years before bringing good introductions, among them one to Mr. Cooper. That gentleman had received him cordially, and the young man entertained a grateful and respectful attachment for him. Erasmus Benson (this was his name) was much liked among the foreign residents; he was a gay, pleasant companion, reliable in business, and agreeable in society. He too came on that day to make Cooper a visit, and his principal object was to speak of private affairs.

"Mr. Cooper," he began, shaking his friend's hand, "a great misfortune has befallen me. Yesterday's mail brought me the news of the sudden death of my father. I set out to-morrow to return to my mother in London, and I am come to say good-bye. Can I be of any use to you in England?"

Mr. Cooper rose, grasped Erasmus Ben-

son by the hand, and shook it cordially. Then, without speaking, he re-seated himself. Benson looked at him and saw that his lip quivered.

"You too, Mr. Cooper," he went on, "have had bad news by this unlucky mail, and I am very sorry."

Cooper once more rose, and again grasped the hand of Benson. He made desperate efforts to preserve his calmness. He passed his finger inside his cravat as if to give himself more air, coughed as though something rose up in his throat, and said in a choked voice, —

"Most true. A most unlucky steamer."

"Send me word what I can do for you," answered Benson, seeing his friend was really unable to continue the interview, "and permit me to bid you farewell now, in case I should not see you again before I go."

But next morning at six o'clock, when the "Europa" was just ready for sea, Benson, on arriving at the wharf, found Cooper waiting for him quietly. He was dressed with his usual care, but his face was very sad. He went on board with Benson, helped him to instal himself in his state-room, and remained with him until the anchors were about to be weighed. Just as he was leaving the ship he said, —

"My father may be in need of kindness and consolation. If you are able to leave your mother for a few hours, I would ask you to go and see him. Tell him to be of good cheer — and say you left me — well. *Au revoir*, Mr. Benson."

He went quickly over the ship's side, but remained standing on the wharf, waving farewell, as long as he could distinguish Benson on the deck of the vessel.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the following month it became known in Yokohama that Mr. Robert Cooper, through no fault of his own, had become insolvent, and had made arrangement with his creditors. He sold the pretty house he owned upon the *Bund*, which is the quay and also the chief street of Yokohama. He parted with his furniture, which he had imported from England, and on whose comfort and durability he had prided himself; he sold even his saddle-horse, though the youngest foreign clerk in Yokohama thinks himself entitled to possess that luxury. He then rented a small villa in the suburb of the foreign quarter, where rents were never high, and thither he retired with one old *kotzkoi*, or Japanese domestic, who appeared to be

entirely devoted to him, and who had been in his service a dozen years.

He had also taken a situation as bookkeeper in the large American house of James Webster & Co. After a while it came to be known among his friends that he hardly spent a quarter of his salary, but paid over to his creditors every cent that he could possibly save.

He himself never breathed a word to any man about his own affairs. He continued to get himself up with scrupulous care and neatness, but his clothes were beginning to show wear, and he got no new ones. He went to the club as he had always done, and he was present at all public meetings, but he made no speeches, and took no active part in the discussion of affairs. He had requested Mr. Webster to state privately that for the future he renounced the honor of taking the chair at public meetings, being troubled by a slight affection of the throat which obliged him to be careful.

All the foreign residents of Yokohama, though there were among them a number of rough, rude, careless, unreflecting men, appreciated, with the tact of accomplished diplomats, the motives which induced him to withdraw from public life, and felt increased respect for their former president.

Some of his most intimate acquaintances, seeing how much he suffered from wounded pride, tried to make him talk with them about his own affairs, that they might end by offering him assistance, but Mr. Cooper always evaded the subject and turned the conversation. James Webster one day said to him in that off-hand tone peculiar to Americans, —

"Mr. Cooper, you must be quite aware you would do yourself no harm with me by accepting an advance upon your salary. Your engagement with this house is for three years, and it is all the same to me whether I pay you down your three years salary at once, or year by year. The money will come out of my pocket sooner or later. You might as well have it now."

Mr. Cooper answered, —

"Thank you, Mr. Webster. But it does not seem to me the right thing to accept such a favor at your hands. I am the highest of your *employés*, and it is my duty to set the young men a good example."

So saying Mr. Cooper went back to his desk. But Webster, watching him by stealth, saw his face contract with a nervous spasm. He coughed, bit his lips, tried to swallow something in his throat, but did not speak another word.

Webster rubbed his hands and whistled "Yankee Doodle." A little time afterwards he went to the office door. Cooper followed him with a wistful look in his sad face, shook his head once or twice, sighed, blew his nose, and went back to his desk without saying anything.

He became an old and broken man from the day misfortune fell upon him. He still walked with a firm step, but he stooped as he had never done before. His auburn hair was streaked with grey and grew thin over his temples. Before the year was out, all those who knew him saw his health was giving way.

Webster was not much surprised, therefore, at finding one morning that the place of his bookkeeper was vacant, and at receiving a little note, written formally in the third person, informing him that Mr. Cooper was prevented by slight indisposition from appearing in the counting-room that morning, and begged Mr. Webster to excuse him.

Webster set out at once for the little house inhabited by Cooper. He found him sitting in the veranda, fully dressed, holding in his hand a handsomely bound volume of some English classic. He rose, but with difficulty, and in answer to the American's anxious inquiries about his health, replied that he was a little weak, and that the doctor had ordered him not to go out that day. Still there was little the matter with him. Beside him on the table stood a large vial of medicine, and punctually as the clock struck ten he took two spoonfuls of its contents, gravely remarking as he did so, —

"I have never been able to understand the sense of the custom physicians have of employing a spoonful as a measure. There are tea-spoons and table-spoons of such different capacity."

The next few days passed, but Cooper was still absent from his desk. Webster went regularly to see him every evening and spent about an hour with him. The sick man talked of the prospects, of the silk-crop, of the tea-market, of the quantity of opium imported from India, of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, and Samuel Johnson. Of himself he never said more than a few words. The physician, whom Webster took pains to see, gave no encouragement as to his recovery.

"I greatly fear," he said, "that our poor friend is dying of a broken heart."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Webster almost angrily. "Why should his heart break? He has lost his fortune, and he still owes some thousands of dollars; but

surely he must have too much courage to let a trifle like that take such a hold upon him. Why, I had lost two fortunes before I came out to Yokohama, and I did not give way on that account."

"You are different," answered the doctor. "It would go harder with Cooper than with most men. He has changed completely in the past year. He has had an excellent constitution, but he has lost all his strength; he is an old man now. He does not suffer from any definite ailment, but he is wasting away. I know him better than any of my patients, for even when he was perfectly well he made a principle of consulting me every spring, when I ordered him some harmless medicines. I have watched him carefully for some months past, and I fear there is hardly a hope of his recovery."

Next day when Webster paid his usual visit he found the patient in his bed. The kind-hearted American sat down beside him, and after having talked of a variety of subjects, said abruptly, —

"Cooper, my old friend, have you any thing on your mind concerning money matters?"

"Nothing, whatever," answered the sick man. "My creditors have given me more time to pay my debts than I hope I shall find necessary. I expect to be able to settle all I owe at the expiration of my contract with you."

"Come, Cooper! Won't you have the money right away?"

"No, thank you, my dear Mr. Webster. You are very kind. I am greatly obliged to you. Is not the mail from Shanghai due to-day? — Thank you sincerely, Mr. Webster."

Webster saw clearly that Cooper did not wish to accept what he had offered, and did not know how to make him look at it in a right way.

"Very well — as you please," he said in a half-sulky tone, "but recollect to call on me if you should want anything."

Cooper merely bowed his head.

"Yes," said Webster, going back to the question he had asked him; "the steamer from Shanghai with the European mail is expected in to-day."

She arrived during the afternoon, and brought a letter from Erasmus Benson to Cooper, saying that in about two weeks after he received it, he might look for him in Japan. The two weeks passed away quickly. By this time Cooper rarely left his room. He sat propped up in bed, his thin, transparent, shrivelled hands lying motionless on the coverlet.

CHAPTER III.

It was a beautiful evening in September. The air was mild and the windows of the sick-room were thrown open. The leaves could be heard rustling on the old trees that surrounded the small house that Cooper lived in, and from the distance came the voices of the Japanese boatmen, passing under the steep cliff in which the villa stood. In the next house a girl was singing, accompanying herself on the *koto*, a species of Japanese harp. The sounds all blended into a sweet and peaceful lullaby. A lassitude that was quite free from pain stole over Cooper, and he closed his eyes. Suddenly he heard along the road a horse approaching rapidly. It stopped, and a moment after the Japanese domestic entered to inquire if his master would see Mr. Benson.

"If he will have the kindness to come in," said Mr. Cooper.

"I am very sorry not to find you well," said Benson, approaching the bed. "How are you to-day, Mr. Cooper?"

"I am a little weak," answered the sick man. "But how are you, yourself? Let me look at you."

He examined his young friend attentively, and then remarked with a pleased smile, —

"You look just as you ought to do. I am satisfied."

Benson had seen Webster before coming to visit Cooper, and was resolved to help him in spite of himself.

"Mr. Cooper," he said, in the tone of a man who will not be interrupted till he has said all he has to say, "excuse me for speaking about your affairs without your permission. I am now a rich man. I can do what I please with the fortune my father has just left me. My object in returning to Yokohama is to make investments. Mr. Cooper, I know you have some creditors; permit me to become the only one. Let me buy up your obligations. Do me this favor, Mr. Cooper — Cooper, treat me as a friend. I offer you nothing but what one man of honor may accept from another. This will be simply an advance which you will soon repay. I can make it without the smallest inconvenience — Mr. Cooper, do not refuse me!"

Cooper did not move. Erasmus saw by the moonlight the large tears dropping from his eyelids.

"Mr. Cooper," he said, "tell me how much you owe."

"Erasmus Benson," said Cooper, in a muffled voice, "you are —" He paused

as if seeking an adequate expression. "You are a good man, Erasmus Benson!"

"Mr. Cooper, how much do you owe?"

"Seven thousand five hundred and fifty dollars, with interest at six per cent. from the first of April of this year."

"Then permit me to advance you that sum at six per cent."

"What security can I offer you?"

"Give me half your salary with James Webster & Co. He wants to make a new agreement with you. In consideration of the value of your services he offers you a salary of five thousand dollars. You see you will repay me in three years' time."

"That does not include the interest."

"You can give me a note for the interest if you like, although it seems to me unnecessary."

"I can perfectly well save three thousand dollars a year. I will pay it to you quarterly."

"Just as you think best, my dear Mr. Cooper."

The sick man remained silent for some minutes, absorbed in his own thoughts, and then he repeated,—

"Erasmus Benson, you are a good man!"

The next day found Benson seated at a table copying half a dozen times a letter addressed by Cooper to his creditors; duplicates of the original one which Cooper had drawn up for him.

Cooper had risen from his bed and was seated in a large armchair. When the letters were written and Cooper had read and signed them, Benson went into the town, and remained absent till midday. He then returned, bringing six bills of exchange on the Oriental Bank of London, to the amount of seventy-seven hundred and eighty-six dollars; the exact sum Cooper owed with interest calculated up to October 1, the probable date of the arrival of these letters in England.

Cooper signed the bills after Benson had indorsed them, and then asked to see the note in which he pledged himself to pay Benson the sum of seventy-seven hundred and eighty-six dollars with six per cent. interest in twelve equal payments at intervals of three months.

"Webster will bring it you this evening, before dinner," said Benson.

Cooper professed himself satisfied by this assurance, and in a voice which grew weaker and weaker, began to talk about "old England," and of their mutual friends.

He did not again allude to business, but from time to time he took up the letters lying near him on the table, and after reading their addresses, let them drop from his hand.

Webster arrived about six o'clock. When he had greeted Cooper, he drew from his pocket a large sheet of blue paper which was evidently of importance from the red tape which tied it, and said,—

"Here is the important document. Sign it at once, my friend, and then put all this business out of your mind. When this is done you will have nothing to think about but getting well."

So saying, he handed the document to Cooper with a pen. Cooper took the paper, but quietly motioned the pen away.

"Move my chair nearer to the light," he said feebly. "I cannot see."

Webster and Benson looked at each other. Then they endeavored to satisfy the sick man's fancy.

"It has always been one of my principles," continued Cooper gravely, "never to sign any paper without having first made myself master of its contents."

He held the paper so as to catch the light, and began to read it over. It had been drawn up according to custom by a lawyer, and contained certain expressions and sonorous phrases only to be met with in the language of the law. The watchers saw by the movement of Cooper's lips that he was reading each word to himself without uttering a sound.

A profound silence reigned in the room for some minutes, then Cooper said,—

"It is all right. A pen, if you please, Mr. Webster."

They gave him one. He took it in his left hand, and passing it awkwardly into his right, made a great effort and signed in large letters with a trembling hand, ROBERT E. COOPER, JR.

His hand dropped by his side. The pen slid from his fingers, and fell upon the floor. He let himself sink back in his chair, and gave a feeble sigh. A smile of indescribable content spread over his features, and he murmured: "It is all right now—all settled. You will not forget my letters for the post? I cannot go out to-day. I am a little tired—I should like to rest."

Then came a deep silence which neither Benson nor Webster dared to break. It was a solemn silence in presence of the dead.

From The Contemporary Review.
ORIGINALITY OF THE CHARACTER OF
CHRIST.

No man can study the signs of the times without being impressed with the conviction that there is a radical difference between the religious scepticism of the nineteenth and the religious scepticism of the eighteenth century. It is not the difference between better or worse, between more or less, between higher or lower; it is the difference of an opposite standpoint. The scepticism of the eighteenth century proceeded from the belief that the contents of revelation were antagonistic to the dictates of nature; the scepticism of the nineteenth century proceeds from the belief that the contents of revelation are simply the embodiment of human ideas. Nothing can be more remarkable than the effect which this transformation has produced upon the science of apologetics. It has been required not only to adopt a new line of defence, but to resort to that very mode of warfare which it had deprecated in its enemy. The English deists of last century set revelation in antagonism to nature, and it became the office of the science of apologetics to establish the harmony between them. The German philosophy of our age has made revelation the poetic form of natural reason, and it has become the office of apologetic science to discover a fundamental difference between the natural and the revealed. The task of the former period was to find a meeting-place betwixt nature and the supernatural; the task of the present day is to find an idea in the supernatural to which the natural mind of man did not attain. The book wanted for the England of the eighteenth century was pre-eminently a Butler's "Analogy," a treatise to establish the points of agreement in the divine and human records. The book wanted by the England of our age has not yet appeared, but when it does appear it will be a treatise whose central aim and object will be the opposite of Butler's "Analogy"—the establishment of the proposition that the divine record is not merely the latest flower of human thought, not merely the last effort of human speculation, but something which was in advance of the humanity of its own time, and something which is still in advance of the humanity of every age.

Is there an original element then in that which we call the Christian revelation? Is there to be found in it something which could not have originated in the times which gave it birth, something which did

not originate in any previous state of culture? Does it contain any representation which goes beyond the thought of its own period, or any aspiration which transcends the yearnings of a pre-Christian world? That is the all-important question to the apologist of the nineteenth century, for on the answer to that depends the answer to the question whether Christianity be a history or a myth, whether the record of the New Testament Scriptures be a record of historical occurrences or merely the poetic garniture which has clothed the aspirations slumbering in the heart of heathendom. The former is the view of Christian supernaturalism; the latter is the distinct averment of that form of scepticism which distinguishes the nineteenth century, and which receives the name of the mythical theory. The mythical theory has not mistaken the nature of that problem with which it has to contend; it has fully recognized that in order to prove the mythical character of Christianity it must prove the existence of Christianity previous to the historical Christ. It has encountered two enemies on the threshold, and it has devoted all its energies to their discomfiture. It first attacked the origin of the Gospels in the criticism of Frederic Baur of Tübingen, and endeavored to account for their production by the conflict of Judaic and Christian tendencies. But it found another adversary lurking behind the Gospels; the written narrative contained the statement of outward events. To account for the origin of the Gospels was not enough; the mythical theory must explain the origin of the Gospel history. This, also, it has attempted to do, and in the historical researches of David Strauss it has striven to find for the events of the New Testament a place and an origin in the mythical expectations of the Old. But even if we conceded that Baur and Strauss have accomplished their object, it seems to have escaped the mythical theory that a third enemy still remains. There is not only a Gospel and a Gospel history to be accounted for; behind both there is a Gospel portraiture, and a portraiture without which neither the outward acts nor the written record could ever have found a place in human thought. Could we satisfactorily explain on purely human principles the origin of the evangelic manuscripts, could we satisfactorily account on purely natural grounds for the successful propagation of the facts which these narratives record, we should still be confronted by a more formidable antagonist than all in the existence of the character of Christ.

We do not here contend that this existence was actually lived, we do not assume that the character attributed to the founder of Christianity was in veritable form seen amongst men; to do so would be to beg the whole question. We take our stand upon an undoubted fact, a fact admitted by all schools of thought, orthodox and heterodox, supernatural and mythical—that there is before our eyes the delineation of a moral character which professes to embody the essence of the Christian life. We have here a portraiture, whether it be an ideal portraiture or the description of an actual life is not here the question: the sole question is, to what does this portraiture amount? Is it reducible to the natural yearnings of heathendom? is it the flower of human speculation? is it the latest fruit of the pagan tree? If so it becomes only another argument for the mythical theory. But if, on the other hand, it should be found to be an original portraiture, if on examination it should be seen to transcend alike the Jewish and the heathen yearning, if it should be recognized to contain an element for which there was no preparation in the pre-Christian world, its existence must furnish a strong presumption against the very basis of that theory. Such is the question we intend to consider. We assume nothing, we use no materials which the mythicist himself would not admit to be legitimate. We do not take for granted that the founder of Christianity ever existed, we do not take for granted that the records of his existence are either authentic or genuine. We simply recognize the fact that there is a narrative before us, and that in this narrative there is delineated the portrait of a life. We address ourselves solely and entirely to the examination of that portrait. We consider not whence it came, we inquire not who painted it, we only ask whether it was painted in old colors or in new; and according to our answer of that question we seek to estimate the force of the mythical theory.

There is one preliminary remark which should not be omitted in a study of this subject; we mean the unity of the Christian portraiture. Of the four evangelical narratives which depict it, the first three, or synoptic Gospels, present a considerable difference from the fourth; there is a difference of standpoint, a difference of style, and for the most part a difference in the local scene of their enactment. But beneath these points of variation there is a more essential bond of agreement: the four Gospels portray one Christ. It is not

too much to say that if we confine our attention to the mental features of the portrait we shall find the closest parallel between the Christ of the Synoptics and the Christ of John—a parallel which is all the more striking from the difference of their outward surroundings. The words are generally dissimilar, but it is the same being who speaks them; the acts are frequently different, but it is the same character that performs them. If in the Synoptics he blesses the poor in spirit, he washes in the fourth Gospel the disciples' feet. If in the Synoptics he blesses the hungering and thirsting after righteousness, he satisfies in the fourth Gospel the spiritual thirst of the woman of Samaria. If in the Synoptics he blesses the pure in heart, he reveals himself in the fourth Gospel to the guileless Nathanael. In both he speaks to the multitude in parable, though in the former it is the parable of word, in the latter the parable of deed. In both he manifests the consciousness of theocratic power, that authoritative speech which is more remarkable from the absence of any physical display. In both he looks forward to death as that which is to crown his mission and consummate his plan. The Christ of the Synoptics is seen for the most part in the works and in the walks of practical life, ministering to temporal necessities and teaching the duties of every day; the Christ of the fourth Gospel is chiefly beheld on the mountain-tops of contemplation, communicating to his more initiated disciples the deeper mysteries of the kingdom. But while undoubtedly this is the general characteristic of the two representations, the unity of portraiture appears in this, that the distinctive expression of each breaks forth occasionally in the other. The fourth Gospel is generally contemplative, yet there is nothing in the Synoptics more practical than the miracle of Cana in Galilee. The Synoptics are pre-eminently practical, yet there is nothing in the fourth Gospel more mystical than the passage in which Christ declares the reciprocal knowledge of the Father and the Son, or the verses in which he pronounces the blessing on Peter, or the expressions with which he calls to himself the laboring and heavy-laden. The existence of such unity amidst diversity is alone sufficient to establish the fact that before the minds of the disciples there stood one common image, the portraiture of one character, the delineation of the same moral features, the exhibition of the same Christ.

We pass now to consider the witness of

this portraiture to itself, and this will be best seen by considering its relation to the contemporary world around it. At the time when Christianity came upon the scene the world was mentally divided into two sections—the Jew and the Gentile. In the mouth of an Israelite the names denoted no more than a difference of nationality, but we now see that they involved a difference of intellectual standpoint. Let us first briefly observe the relation which the character of Christ presents to the nature of Judaism. The mental characteristic of Judaism was in its one-sidedness. Of all systems that ever existed it was perhaps the least capable of eclecticism. As long as it remained an independent existence it was unable to contemplate more than one side of an idea. Its earnestness was the earnestness of fanaticism, its reverence for truth was the reverence for a possession which it believed to be exclusively its own. Yet it was from this intellectually narrow soil that there emanated the most many-sided conception which has ever proceeded from any age of history. From the heart of a people whose notion of absolute truth was the idea of a truth absolutely committed to one nation, there came forth a life or the conception of a life whose distinguishing feature was its cosmopolitanism, and whose leading characteristic was its capacity for assimilation. If we open the New Testament narrative without any dogmatic bias, if we approach it merely as spectators and in the absence of all individual interests, we shall find that even on such a purely human view we are brought at once into contact with what may be called a human anomaly. We are confronted by a portraiture whose distinction it is to combine in highest form all other distinctions, whose separation from the rest of humanity is its ability to unite those elements whose division has been the ground of separation. The life of Christ, as recorded in the Evangelists, is a life which reaches its unity by assimilation of contrary elements. We have the statement of a supernatural birth and of a continued supernatural sustenance side by side with the natural growth and development of a human soul. We have the practical workshop of Nazareth in almost immediate conjunction with the mystical solitudes of the wilderness. We have the logical acuteness which can detect the subtleties of Pharisaic sophistry in strict combination with that intuitional child-life which sees the kingdom of God. We have that rare capacity of moral sympathy

which can at once turn aside from rejoicing with the joyful to find an equal power in sorrowing with the sad. We have that vast outlook which can contemplate the end of all things, immediately succeeded by that minute particularity which can dictate the precepts for the hour. We have the life which at one moment seems at home amid the crowd, and which the next appears to have reached its ideal in solitude. His all-absorbing desire is the spiritual elevation of humanity, yet he surpasses all philanthropists in his provision for the daily temporal wants of men. He is boundlessly tolerant; he forbids not the good work of those who are working from an inferior motive to that of his personal service. Yet he displays something which in such minds is rarely to be found—a tolerance even for intolerance; he will not suffer the fire from heaven to descend upon the village of Samaria which, through the force of religious bigotry, has closed its gates against him. He is pervaded with the love of purity, yet he claims a special power of extending forgiveness to the impure, and exemplifies that power in a series of instances whose consistency is never broken. The conception, in short, which the delineation of Christ's character introduced into the world is that idea which Paul has felicitously expressed in the words "He that is spiritual judgeth all things." It is the conception of a spirituality which, just because it is the highest type of life, comprehends within itself all the lower forms of existence; which because it is sacred includes also the secular, and because it is high stretches down to the minute and lowly. This, we say, is the thought which the delineation of Christ's portraiture has presented to the world, and which has long since become the world's possession. Yet we must not forget that this thought was not always commonplace; least of all must we forget that it was foreign to the nation which produced it. It was of all other thoughts that most remote from the Jewish mind; and when the Jewish mind beheld it, it beheld it with aversion and loathing. Even the recorders of the evangelical narrative give indications that they are depicting a portrait the full beauty of whose expression they do not as yet see. No one will suspect Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Stuart Mill of an undue predilection for dogmatic Christianity, yet both Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Stuart Mill have recorded in the strongest terms their conviction that the portrait of the master was above its Jewish delineators. Strauss himself seems

latterly to have had this truth forced upon him. In his later "Life of Jesus," intended for the German people, he appears to have found that the character of the founder himself was precisely that element which could not be resolved into the legendary expectations of the Jewish nation, and therefore he is forced to seek for that character a source outside of Judaism. He says that the nature of Christ contains two elements, the one Judaic and the other Gentile; the former derived from birth and education, the latter the product of natural disposition; the former holding him to the institutions of the past, the latter impelling him onward into sympathy with the claims of the future. In this statement there is already conceded one-half of the argument against the mythical theory. If the natural instincts of Judaism are unable to explain the existence of Christ's portraiture, the natural instincts of Judaism must have been unable to create that portraiture. In admitting the originality of Christ's character with reference to the Jewish nation, Strauss has virtually admitted that the Jewish nation of itself could neither have imagined nor constructed the central figure of the Christian history. He has virtually arrived at the conclusion that if these fishermen of Galilee were the originators of this sublime conception, they must have originated it, not by reason of their Judaism, but in spite of their Judaism; not because they were fishermen of Galilee, but because they had transcended the limits of all Palestine; not because they were imbued with the legendary spirit of their nation, but because they had caught a breath of that Gentile atmosphere which was everywhere diffused around them.

Turn we, then, to this other side of the question. Judaism, in the judgment of the mythical theory itself, has been pronounced inadequate to account for the creation of the Christian portraiture, and the mythical theory has fallen back on the support of the Gentile element. But is the Gentile element more adequate than the Jewish? Does the portrait of Christ, as we now behold it, present any real analogy to the aspirations of heathendom? The heroes of all nations, as embodied in their works of fiction, will be found to be simply the expression of the national idea. Is the portrait of Christ the expression of the heathen ideal? That is the question to which the subject narrows itself. The first point of inquiry is, What are the ideals of heathendom? As they appear chro-

nologically on the page of history, they may, we think, be reduced to four—physical strength, intellectual power, æsthetic culture, and regal majesty. Let us glance at each of these.

The earliest historical ideal of heathendom is the worship of physical strength; it finds its peculiar sphere in the Asiatic continent. Mr. Buckle, in his "History of European Civilization," has mentally divided the human race into two great sections: in the one, man has power over nature; in the other, nature has power over man; the former is the characteristic of Europe, the latter of Asia. We believe the distinction to be at once historical and philosophical. As we survey the great systems of Asiatic worship, we are impressed beyond all other things with the conviction that we are in the presence of a life where the aspect of nature is more revered than the movements of mind, where the individual sinks into insignificance in the contemplation of an outward universe, whose vast extent and changeless duration contrast so painfully with the frailty of his human years. We believe it was this conviction which originated the Brahminical trinity. Men looked upon the process of vegetation as a continuous circle of birth, growth, and decay in order to be born again, and they gave to each step of the process the names of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva. To the philosophic minds of India, these names doubtless came to have a more spiritual significance, but to the mass of the people their original application remained. Nor, if we consult the sacred books of the Hindus, are we less impressed with the Asiatic reverence for the elements of physical strength. Perhaps in nothing does this ideal more prominently appear than in the tendency to indulge in numerical calculations. As we read the "Vedas" we are absolutely appalled by the vastness of the dimensions and the enormous length of the duration assigned to natural objects. We hear in one place the earth described as a plain, whose diameter is one hundred and seventy million miles; we read in another of mountains sixty miles high; we are told in a third of a period of duration extending to four thousand millions of millions of years. Such calculations defy the power of fancy itself, and the imagination grows giddy in the very act of contemplating them. Yet the straining after these vast numerical proportions had its root, not in poetic imagination, but in a very prosaic conviction of the nothingness of human life. Man beheld nature in its

most powerful and gigantic aspects, and therefore to him the physically powerful and the permanently changeless became the ideal of perfection. The outward universe appeared invulnerable by time, and it was therefore an object of reverence; the individual life was transitory and fading, and it was therefore an object of contempt. Hence, in the Asiatic view, it became the religious duty of the individual to yield up his petty being to the abiding life of nature, to desire no life but its life, no immortality but that which it enjoyed. It was this belief, implicitly contained in Brahminism, which ultimately broke forth with such startling power in the creed of Gautama Buddha. That creed, apparently the inculcation of a spiritual sacrifice, was in reality a homage paid to the powers of nature. The individual was enjoined to offer up his individuality; but why? Not because unselfishness in itself was noble, but because individuality in itself was worthless. Man's highest life was the loss of his personality, for in the loss of that personality he became a part of the great universe from which he had emerged and from which it had been his misery ever to have separated. He was unhappy because he had striven to live in independent personality; he must continue to be unhappy as long as he continued to desire such personality: if he would find rest, if he would attain to freedom from care and sorrow, he must obtain freedom from the sense of individual existence, and give back the elements of his being into union with the elements of nature. Such is the religious ideal of Buddhism, such for the most part is the religious ideal of the Asiatic mind. If in the worship of the Parsee its full force was broken,—if then, for the first time, men began to discover that nature was not altogether beautiful, and that she enclosed a night amid the sunshine, it was still from nature alone that they expected deliverance from the night, and their highest hope of unclouded happiness rested in the contemplation of the strength of material power.

The second ideal of heathendom is that of intellectual power, and it finds its fitting representative in the Platonic mind. In one sense Platonism is the revolt from, in another sense it is the ally of, the Asiatic ideal. It is the revolt from it because here, for the first time, we find the emergence of Mr. Buckle's European type of intellect; nature has lost its dominion over man, and man has begun to claim his dominion over nature. Yet from another

point of view, Platonism is the ally of its adversary, for here, as in the Asiatic cultus, the interests of individual life are again lost and overshadowed. The ideal of Platonism is that of an intellectual aristocracy, for whose sake alone, and by whose laws alone, the world exists. The republic of Plato bears a strong analogy to the political Utopia of Mr. Carlyle, with one prominent point of contrast. The Greek philosopher and the seer of Chelsea both start with the removal of artificial inequalities, yet both are strongly convinced that, even were men made equal, they could not remain so. With each, democracy is the starting-point; with each, continued democracy is an impossibility. In the view of both there is a principle of natural selection, by which the intellectual come to the surface, and, by the sheer force of intellect, rule as kings over the masses; but here Plato and Carlyle part asunder. Carlyle would never dream of deifying intellectual force, or any other force, apart from its power of practical work; he values it not for what it is, but for what it can do; his intellectual man dominates the masses because through his intellect he is able to reach the masses. With Plato it is all the reverse. His intellectual man comes to the surface, not that he may carry down into the depths a breath of the upper atmosphere, but in order that he may remain upon the surface, and keep the depths forever beneath him. The Platonist looked with contempt upon the interests of individual men, in so far as they were individual. For the common passions which actuated mankind he had no sympathy; for the common emotions which animated mankind he had no room. In his Utopia the intellect was everything; it was at once the object of contemplation and the faculty by which it was contemplated. The duty of man was meditation; the object of man's meditation was himself. But if he would meditate aright, he must dwell upon that which was universal in the human race. He must disregard the individual peculiarities of the mass; he must withdraw himself from the petty interests of the hour; he must grasp the highest type of humanity, and keep his thoughts on that which was independent of all times and of all places. The masses of mankind struggled for the wants of material nature; the Platonist must despise material nature, and must welcome any material wants which forced the mind inward upon itself. The masses of mankind had family ties and affections; the Platonist must abstract himself from all

such limitations, and view himself as the member of a wider brotherhood. The masses of mankind were prone to the love of individual beings, but the individual form was fleeting and perishing; the Platonist must fix his affections upon that which would not pass away — not on the individual being, but on those qualities of the individual being which he shared in common with the race of humanity, and possessed as the realization of a universal type of excellence. Platonic love was not the love of virtuous men, but the love of their virtues; not the affection for noble hearts, but the admiration for that which made them noble. The soul beheld nothing but its own shadow, saw nothing but abstractions, pondered nothing but qualities, and lived for nothing but the emancipation from individual desires.

Meantime, in the heart of the masses themselves there had been growing up an ideal of a very different kind — an ideal which, for the sake of brevity, we may call æsthetic culture. Strictly speaking, the name is too wide for that which it designates, and covers a larger area than it is meant to enclose. We here use it, however, in its most limited sense, to indicate the perception of the beautiful in the forms of outward nature and the forms of the sensuous imagination. At the very moment when nature, in its individual material aspects, was being discarded by the Platonic mind as a hindrance to mental development, it was being embraced by the popular mind of Greece as a source of elevation and power. The vision of the beautiful was to the masses what the contemplation of the abstract was to the philosophers — a perception of that which revealed God, and a meditation on that which was immutable and eternal. They found in the forms of nature the revelation of celestial harmonies, and were kindled into a love of poetry which became to them the synonym for a religion. Nor let it be thought that in this love of the beautiful in nature the popular mind of Greece was altogether untrue to its European culture. If it was opposed to Platonism in refusing to depreciate matter, it was equally opposed to the Asiatic servitude which bowed down before matter. When men come to recognize the beauty of nature, they have ceased to fear nature; for the recognition of beauty is the sense of love, and love is incompatible with fear. The Brahmin had beheld in the universe only a gigantic strength before which he quailed; the Greek saw in it an insinuating charm which invited him to approach

and tempted him to commune. His worship was absolutely untouched by terror; it was more like the worship of the poet than the adoration of the humble saint. Indeed, Hegel has advanced the strange theory that the Greek adoration of nature proceeded from a sense of human superiority. Man, he says, had arrived at the conviction that the life of nature was foreign to his life, and that his life was nobler than that of nature. Accordingly he sought to clothe nature in his own attire, to invest her with those qualities of mind and soul which he found existing within himself, to crown her with that glory which constituted the essence of his own being. Those beauties which he worshipped in the outer universe were precisely the beauties which he felt within him; he invested the inanimate with the semblance of the life which he himself lived and breathed, in order that he might lift the world of nature into a seeming equality with the world of spirit. If this view of Hegel be true, we have here, even in the most concrete form of European thought, the presence of the distinctive European element; man in the life of the mass, as well as man in the life of the philosopher, had arrived at the conviction of his superiority to nature, and claimed his legitimate place in the universe of being.

If this Hegelian explanation have any foundation in fact, it will help to explain the transition from the popular ideal of Greece into the seemingly opposite ideal of Rome. The first impression awakened by that transition is indeed a sense of contrast. If Greece idealized the soft, the refined, the beautiful, Rome worshipped the strong, the stern, the fearful; that which she sought beyond all other things was to realize in actual life the power of humanity. Yet, according to the foregoing explanation, this stern Roman ideal had already been growing up in the very heart of the effeminate Grecian mythology; man had there been preparing for a kingdom. Rome was the establishment of that kingdom, or, at least, it was the attempt to establish it. It was the effort to raise an empire which should never be moved, and in whose eternity and immutability men might recognize the object of their religion. In this one particular there was a strange analogy between the otherwise contrasted types of the Roman and the Jew. Both looked for the establishment of a sacred empire upon the basis of physical power, though the motive of the Jew was religious, the motive of the Roman worldly. Both contemplated the extension of that

empire to the ends of the habitable world, and in a certain sense both were successful in their aim, though the Roman realized it literally, the Jew only metaphorically and in a way he did not desire. Both wrought out their design through the medium of outward conquest, though with the Roman the conquest was an end, with the Jew only the road to something higher. Thus united amidst their difference, the Roman and the Jew have never been altogether separate through the whole course of history. In the outward legalism of mediæval worship, in the struggles of the papacy after temporal dominion, above all in that vast conception of a holy Roman empire which has never ceased to dominate the Teutonic mind, we see the influence of a partly pre-Christian culture, and recognize in one united aim the theocratic aspirations of the Roman and the Jew.

We have now briefly examined the four ideals of paganism — the efforts to find perfection in physical strength, intellectual power, æsthetic culture, and regal majesty. The next question which arises is this, does any one of these ideals, or do all of them united, suffice to explain that Christian conception which is the essence of the gospel narrative? If the character of Christ, as there delineated, can be referred to any of them singly or accounted for by a combination of them all, we shall then be forced to admit that there is nothing in that character above the power of human creation. But if, on the other hand, the gospel conception of Christ refuses to coalesce with these ideals; if it shows on many points not only an important difference from them but a positive antagonism to them, if the longer we compare them we are the more impressed with the belief that they belong to separate orders of thought, we shall be driven to the conclusion that nothing in heathendom with which we are acquainted was adequate to create the Christian portraiture. Now, we think it will be evident even to the most superficial reflection that the conception of Christ, as delineated by the Evangelists, so far from being a sublimation of the ideals of heathendom, is a direct and positive reversal of them. Let us begin with that which we found to be characteristic of the Asiatic mind — the reverence for physical strength. Nothing can be more clear on the very surface of the Gospel narrative than that the standard of heroism there contemplated is precisely of the opposite nature. The individuality of the Brahmin had sunk into nothingness before his

admiration of that active power which he beheld in the world of nature; the individuality of the Christian rose into moral significance in the presence of a contrary thought — the belief that the highest strength was that passive power which could sustain physical weakness. The object which the Christian idealized was not so much a life that could *do* great things as a life that could *bear* great things, not so much a power to work as a power to suffer, not so much a strength that shone forth in outward majesty as a strength that manifested itself in supporting outward meanness. This is indeed the distinctive and characteristic element in the Christian ideal; it permeates the whole narrative like an atmosphere. The eye, in the fourth Gospel, is summoned to rest upon one who voluntarily and deliberately exchanges a divine for a human form, refuses to grasp the empire of God-head in order that he may wear the garb of a servant, divests himself of an element of life which is natural to him, in order that he may incorporate an element of death which is foreign to his nature, empties his omniscience into a human knowledge, his infinitude into a finite form, his eternity into a temporal duration, his power of universal dominion into a power of absolute service. The narrative is constructed in such a way that in proportion as the human limitations cluster around the life of the Master, the reader is made more and more conscious of the Master's essential majesty, sees his strength just where he is physically most weak, and beholds his spiritual triumph precisely on that field where he is physically vanquished — the death of the cross. It has been said that the theological development of the fourth Gospel is in advance of the first three, and in a systematic sense we believe this to be true; they approach the figure of the Master from different sides of the landscape, yet in the view of both the figure of the Master is the same. If John emphasizes the divine, and the Synoptists give more prominence to the human Christ, we must remember that the ideal of the human contained in the Synoptists is, precisely identical with John's ideal of the divine; in both it is the portraiture of a life whose strength is its power of service. The key-note of Matthew, Mark, and Luke is the majesty of a human nature which has lost all thought of its own majesty: "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The most perfect form of humanity which this world has ever seen was that which wore the

garb of human servitude; such from beginning to end is the thought of the Synop-
tists. Theirs is the worship of a strength
which is strong by becoming weak, the
reverence of a life which is individually
great by losing its own individuality and
living in the lives of others. They find
heroism precisely in those qualities whose
opposites had been the worship of the
Asiatic intellect. They assign a kingdom
to poverty of spirit, an increase of knowl-
edge to the increase of sorrow, an earthly
empire to the power of gentleness, a
perfect satisfaction to the hungering and
thirsting of the soul. They see a higher
triumph in the peace-maker than in the
war-maker, a superior strength in the
power of forgiveness to that which dwells
in the capacity for vengeance. They find
the most promising subjects of the new
kingdom precisely in those whom the
Asiatic intellect would have passed over
—in the laboring, the heavy-laden, the
consciously weak, and poor, and needy.
We need not say that an ideal such as this
was the antagonist and the subversion of
the worship of physical power. So far
from being created by that worship, it
could only begin to exist in its decay and
death. It grew out of another order of
thought, it was the product of a contrary
element, and the element which produced
it was foreign, not only to the mind of
Judea, but to the entire genius of the
Asiatic intellect.

If we pass now to the Platonic ideal, we
shall find ourselves equally unable to dis-
cover in the natural growth of heathendom
an explanation of the Christian portraiture.
The Platonist, as we have seen, aspired to
the consciousness of intellectual power; it
was the sense of this intellectual superi-
ority which constituted his sense of em-
pire over the common herd of men. It is
not too much to say that in this aspect
also the ideal which floated before the
mind of the Christian was a complete
reversal of heathen aspirations. The
founder of Christianity is also contem-
plated as recognizing degrees of mental
superiority, and as assigning to such de-
grees of superiority a proportionate place
in his kingdom. But the mental superi-
ority desired by the Christian founder is
not that of intellectual self-consciousness,
but something which as nearly as possible
is the antithesis of such a feeling. The
condition of membership in Christ's king-
dom is the death of self-consciousness,
intellectual or moral. He demands as a
preliminary requisite the possession of a
child-life. He insists upon the simplicity,

the spontaneousness, the absence of self-
analysis, the unconsciousness of all power,
and the ignorance of all merit, which are
the essential attributes of the spirit of
childhood. He declares that the revela-
tion which he came to communicate ap-
peals, not to those faculties which are
developed in the few, but precisely to that
part of our nature which potentially exists
in all men: "I thank thee, O Father, that
thou hast hid these things from the wise
and prudent, and hast revealed them unto
babes." He affirms that while there must
be degrees of superiority, the heights to
which a man rises will be proportionate to
his unconsciousness of his own elevation;
and he illustrates the thought by acting
the very striking parable of placing a little
child in the midst of the disciples. He
makes the highest of moral qualities not
self-reliance, but that which is its contrary
—faith, the trusting in another. They
who would follow him have to leave their
all. A man's all is not necessarily his
property; or, to speak more correctly, his
property is not necessarily his outward
possessions; it is whatever he believes to
be the source of his peculiar strength.
To become a follower of the Master was
therefore to relinquish whatever a man
had grasped as the strong point of his
nature. It was to subside from self-reli-
ance into absolute dependence, from con-
scious strength into conscious weakness,
from the walk by sight into the walk by
faith. It was to forget those points of
intellectual superiority which may have
separated him from his brethren, and to
lay hold of those points of human insuffi-
ciency which by one common sense of
need linked his individual life to the lives
of all mankind; the ideal of Christianity
was the death of the ideal of Platonism.

Nor can the conception of Christ's char-
acter be referred with any greater plausi-
bility to the third standard of heathen
perfection. That standard was, as we
have seen, the attempt to reach æsthetic
culture by the contemplation of natural
and physical beauty. It is a notorious
fact that to the mind of the first Christians
those beauties which form the prerogative
of the poet and the artist were rather ob-
jects of aversion than of contemplation.
It is quite certain that they believed this
special form of æsthetic culture to be at
variance with their religion, and it is
equally certain that they were wrong in so
believing. Yet the very fact that the first
Christians should have conceived such an
impression indicates that the religion of
Christ must have introduced them to an-

other phase of æsthetic culture. The truth is that Christianity had brought into the world a new estimate of the beautiful by the introduction of a new law of association. It had succeeded in uniting the thought of symmetry with that which hitherto had been unsymmetrical, in attaching the idea of harmony to that which hitherto had been unharmonious. When Paul said that he gloried in the cross, he expressed more than the common faith of Christendom; he indicated the common assent of Christendom to a new association of the beautiful — an association which to the heathen mind appeared the wildest of paradoxes — the union of glory and pain. Christ was himself the personification of the new æsthetic ideal. He unites in one act the hitherto opposite elements of glory and of shame. He looks forward to the hour of deepest human frailty as the hour in which the Son of Man should be glorified. He declares on the road to Emmaus that the disharmony was an essential part of the beauty, that Christ must needs have suffered that he might enter into his glory. He stands under the shadow of the cross, and bequeaths to the world his peace; he confronts the spectacle of death, and speaks of the fulness of his joy. Nay, this æsthetic connection between the cross and the crown, between the Calvary and the Olivet of human life, is carried out to a still further length by the minds of his disciples. As if to find the longest possible bridge between the extremes of human thought, they actually rise to the conception of Christ as the high priest in heaven. They are not afraid to enter within the veil, they are not afraid to introduce within the veil the thought of sacrifice and the memory of human pain; heaven and earth never met so closely together as in that association of sacrificial sorrow with spiritual joy. The apologetic importance of this association it is hardly possible to overrate; it is, if we mistake not, that which above all other things stamps the character of Christ with its impress of originality. The founder of Buddhism has been thought to come nearer to him than any other ideal of antiquity; but it is just here that the founder of Buddhism is further behind him than all. Buddha longed for death, and taught his followers to long for death; but why? Because the sufferings of life were too strong for him. The notion of a world redeemed through a cross, and perfected through suffering, was at the last possible remove either from his teaching or his thought. Buddha considered the goal of

human blessedness to be the emancipation from desire — desire was the source of temptation, and temptation was the source of pain. With what a startling power of contrast does the Christian ideal burst upon our view! "Then was Jesus led up by the Spirit to be tempted in the wilderness." The more deeply we analyze the meaning of these words, the more are we impressed with the radical difference of their standpoint from that of the Buddhist religion. Here is a being who is supposed to have actually reached the blessedness of divine communion. The heavens have opened to his vision, and the voice of heaven has sounded in his ear, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Yet this Nirvana of rest, which to Buddha would have been the goal, is to Christ only the beginning. He is led up from the paradise into the wilderness, into the world of desires and temptations, simply in order that he may experience these desires and encounter these temptations; and as if to make the contrast more marked, he is "led up by the Spirit." The struggle with worldly influences, so far from being, as Buddha held, a barrier to the religious life, is declared to be itself the highest manifestation of that life, the evidence of its existence, and the proof of its power. From the manger to the cross, from the wilderness to the garden, we are confronted by one pervading thought — the possible glory of human suffering, and the potential gain that resides in human loss; and we are constrained as we survey the picture, whatever be our estimate of its dogmatic value, to assign to it the merit of genuine originality.

The last ideal of heathendom, and that in which heathendom agreed with Judaism, was the reverence for regal majesty, the desire of a kingdom. Now, let us observe that, in the abstract, Christ was at one with this desire. Lord Amberley, in his "Analysis of Religious Belief," has found in Christ's abstinence from earthly greatness a parallel to the saying of Confucius, that there are three desirable objects, and that the possession of empire is not one of them. Lord Amberley has altogether missed the beauty and the freshness of the Christian paradox. The Chinese philosopher meant to state that a man might be perfectly happy though his lot were obscure and his influence insignificant; Christ would certainly have conceded the platitude, but he would not have thought it worthy to be the subject of a special revelation. The leading thought in the mind of the Master is not the ab-

abstract undesirableness of empire, but the contrary. Empire in its deepest sense is the influence of mind over mind, and Christ professes expressly to establish such an influence. He adopts a principle of natural selection, by which the saints shall judge the world; in other words, by which the best shall rule. He declares his mission to be the establishment of a kingdom, the introduction of a new government into the affairs of men, the domination of worldly views by spiritual forces now despised and disregarded. To this extent he is at one with the Roman and at one with the Jew; he believes men, as isolated individuals, to be incapable of action, and he longs to see them united as the servants of a theocratic power, whose will shall be their law, and whose law shall be their will. But at this point the master parts company with the Roman and the Jew, and strikes off into a path which had been hitherto untrodden. He agreed with them in their desire of a kingdom; he differed from them radically in their mode of realizing it. The Roman and the Jew sought to dominate men from without; they strove after an empire which should be won by physical weapons and maintained by physical power. Christ objected to this imperialism, not, as Lord Amberley thinks, because it was a source of human greatness, but because it was not a source of human greatness, — because, in the strictest sense of the word, it was not a kingdom at all. He felt, and felt truly, that any empire which, like the Jewish and the Roman, claimed to be theocratic, could only be made permanent by ruling from within, that nothing could be called a sacred sovereignty which did not directly influence the mind. He felt that the ultimate seat of regal authority lay in the heart of a people, that the heart could only be won by love, and that love could only be manifested by sacrifice. It was from this thought, or train of thought, that there emerged the great Christian paradox, "He that is least shall be greatest." To be a king in the most absolute sense was to be ruler over the heart; but to be ruler over the heart, it was first necessary that the sovereign should be a subject. He who would win the love of others must first be dominated by the love of others; captivity must precede captivation. Inspired by this deep principle of morality, the master conceived the grand design of establishing a kingdom that could never be moved — a kingdom not based upon the physical power which was perishable, nor even on the intellectual Platonic power

which could only exist through the ignorance of the many, but on a power whose foundation was the nature of humanity itself — the capacity for love. He proposed to conquer the heart of the world, and to conquer it by the exhibition of his own heart. The founders of previous kingdoms had sought to rule by placing in the foreground the display of their personal superiority; the founder of Christianity resolved to subjugate mankind by the sacrifice of himself. The kings of former time had fought their way to empire by shedding the blood of their enemies; the aspirant to this new kingdom determined to secure dominion by shedding his own.

An aim so strange, a plan so paradoxical, would alone have been sufficient to mark out Christianity from all foregoing forms of faith, but to this there must be added another element which heightens the strangeness and completes the contrast. It is now a historical fact that the founder of Christianity has succeeded in his aim; whatever be mythical in the Gospel, there is no mythology here. There is at this hour in the world the nucleus of such a kingdom as Christ desired to found. We mean not the kingdom of the Roman hierarchy, or the kingdom of the Anglican Church, or the kingdom of the Presbyterian worship, but that which at once underlies and overlaps them all — the loyalty of a multitude of souls to Him who is their ideal of perfection. For let it be remembered that Christianity is not primarily, nor even chiefly, a collection of moral precepts intended for the guidance of human life. If that were all, it would be easy to find occasional parallels between the maxims of Jesus and the maxims of Buddha, or Confucius, or Lao-Tze. But Christianity is what Buddhism and Confucianism and Taoism are not — the membership in a kingdom, and the loyalty to a king. It contemplates in the first instance, not the special sayings of its founder, nor yet the sum of his united teaching; it contemplates the founder himself, and fixes its eye upon him alone. Christianity includes all the precepts of morality, but all the precepts of morality united are not the essence of the Christian faith, and simply for this reason, that the Christian religion *is* a faith. It is the subjection of the heart to an ideal whom it adores, the captivation of the eye by a portrait in which it revels, the conquest of the will by a law which it loves; Christianity in its deepest nature is an æsthetic belief, the vision of a beautiful life, and the conviction that this beauty has become

by its union with humanity the atonement for human deformity. There is within this world an actually existing kingdom of Christ, the hearts of whose subjects are ever bowing down before him; and amidst all the changes in the systems of human government, amidst all the transmutations in the aspects of theological thought, this great ideal has found no diminution in its power and reign. The question is, does the ideal represent a reality? and the answer to that question depends on the answer to another. Has the ideal of Christendom *sprung* from a reality, has it grown out of the natural instincts of the human mind, or does it involve something which the human mind has displayed no ability to create? That is the question which in these pages we have been endeavoring to answer, and we seem to have arrived at the only possible answer. If we find Judea reaping where she has not sown, and gathering where she has not strewed; if we see her the birthplace of an idea which surpassed her power of origination, and when originated surpassed her power of comprehension; if in her contact with the Gentile nations we fail to discover any germs from which that idea could have naturally sprung; if we find it in essence and in portraiture directly at variance with all heathen aspirations, reversing the world's ideal of physical strength, transforming its estimate of mental power, casting into the shade its conception of æsthetic culture, and placing on a contrary basis its hope of a theocratic kingdom; if we find it introducing a new standard of heroism which caused every valley to be exalted, and every mountain to be made low; and if, above all, we perceive that when that standard of heroism rose upon the world, it rose upon a foreign soil which received it as an alien and an adversary, are we not driven to ask if even on the lowest computation we have not reached the evidence of a new life in humanity, the outpouring of a fresh vitality, and the manifestation of a higher power?

GEORGE MATHESON.

From The Nineteenth Century.
CHRYSANTHEMA GATHERED FROM THE
GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

PERHAPS scholars have heard and read quite enough about the "Greek Anthology." It has become historical, as all collected poems do, a storehouse not unlocked unless to group or edit the contents; this

record of the manifold life of a thousand years has been made into a book, and has lost some of its vitality in the making. There is plenty of question about the different anthologies, and some little about the separate authors and their poems. But, on the other hand, poetry-lovers, and specially lovers of songs, hardly know how many of their favorites are there in original form. English people who love Herrick and Ben Jonson do not all know that Meleager was in love with daffodils, and wrote about the wreath he made of them very much as Herrick would have done; that Agathias as good as wrote "Drink to me only with thine eyes" (the first verse of it at least, and the second is to be found unfathered in the fifth book of the "Anthology" * too); and that, to speak in reverse order of time, Mrs. Browning and Shakespeare and Spenser can all be quoted in it. There are epigrams with the stamp of each upon the face of them.

These lovers of songs—they may not care for history, and are very likely quite ignorant of Herrick's life and Jonson's—will not want to hear much about the song-writers themselves; and there is not much to tell. "Herrick" and "Jonson" are to them respectively the names of a good many and a few well-known and well-loved verses, and so should Callimachus, for instance, and Agathias, and of course Meleager be; and that would be a great deal better fame for these poets than that students only should know about them as represented by certain numbers in the great drift-heap of the "Anthology." Plato and Simonides have their better fame elsewhere, and are not in such risk of being laid by. This, then, is what I want to give—some readable little English poems written to all intents and purposes a great while ago in Greek. An accurate recognition of each poet as an individual cannot perhaps be made out of the original language, scarcely even there; but just as Keats by his temperament met Homer half-way in Chapman, lovers of the Elizabethan poets and of modern poetry, as well as Greek scholars or better, can meet these very men with their sweethearts and their garlands "in their habit as they lived" so many hundred years gone by.

Now, for us to do this with ease and pleasure, we must meet them under some guise familiar to us and not dull. This brings us to the question of metres. With

* The references throughout are to the "Anthologia Palatina" (instructed by Fred. Dübner, Paris, 1864).

our ears accustomed to such a great number of lyric forms, we must have variety above all else. For different subjects we want different keys and different time as in music. We have a strong instance of this in Tennyson's work. For the monotone of sorrow he takes one grave metre, but in "Maud," where the movement is as complex as life's, he varies the metres to correspond with it as best may be. The translator who would use one metre for these Greek epigrams, would have written "Maud" in couplets. Hexameters and pentameters and occasional iambs are the metres of the "Anthology," but they are not familiar to us and never will be, unless combined with rhyme (and always the more rhyme the better), when they present as good a means as can be found for faithful and rhythmical translations; and heroic couplets which to us take the place of the longer lines to the Greek ear are generally dull. There is no denying that. Take up any book of unbroken couplets, and it will certainly prove less inviting than it could possibly have done in any other form, blank verse included. It is true that in English literature heroic couplets do best clothe the epigram; but then we must bear this in mind — what is nearest to our sympathies in the work of these so-called "epigrammatic" poets is not, as we now speak, epigrammatic at all. Many of the verses are rhetorical exercises, jokes and so forth; but even of these (as Mr. Symonds has shown in his "Greek Poets") most, though they have the point of an epigram, have not its sting. Meleager's "wreath of songs" was a collection of lyrics, most of them short and nearly all memorable, but their incisiveness is very different from the precision we look for in an epigram; they are not forced or witty, many of them just idylls. In our English with its wide vocabulary, and if he had been writing for print and not for graving, it is not perhaps impertinent to suppose that he and his fellows, if not his predecessors, would have chosen the sonnet form. For the sonnet with its beautiful order, its strict rules, any one of which broken is an offence to the cultivated ear, and with the manifold changes of tone, the simplicity and the neatness which it admits, is really our best equivalent for the eight or ten hexameters and pentameters in which most of our favorite Greek epigrams are contained. As it is, a translator cannot render these into sonnets without a little undue expansiveness; but where the epigram is of fourteen lines or even twelve, he may fairly cast it into a

sonnet, as I shall hope to show in one or two examples by-and-by.

To rondels and other "moulds," so to speak, for English verse, we are not accustomed. I am afraid, if I were to try these, I should not be simple enough for a translator. The charm of a rondel is its artificial grace, delighting the eye and ear. The charm of a translation in verse is that the verse should neither load the sense nor tangle it. So I have not inserted any rondels, the most delicate webs of love-song possible.

We need not hesitate over the story of the "Anthology" as it has come down to us; Mr. Symonds has made it all interesting already, and what matters to us is that we have the poems in their original form. Being fugitive pieces, they will speak for themselves. We don't want to say, "Now all this was a man's diathesis, and here is his heartbeat," but "Here is this man's heartbeat: judge his diathesis."

The first collection that was made of Greek epigrams was Meleager's, just before the Christian era, and his way of collecting them is quite the most charming of all. He gathers the songs into a wreath, as he calls it, giving to each poet a symbolic flower; and though he gives all sorts of flowers, for health, and rest, and pleasuring, he gives no poppy to any one, which we must take to mean that they are none of them dull. This is how he introduces them: I have put the preface into blank verse, to preserve the quantities for any one who cares to read it, not because among so many names strange to us we can hope to see all the pretty touches of the poem.

For whom the fruitage of this strain, my muse,
And who among the bards hath made this
wreath?

Meleager wove it, and his weaving gives
For keepsake to most noble Diocles.
Here many lilies are of Anyte,
And white lilies of Mæro, many an one,
And Sappho's flowers — so few but roses all —
And daffodils of Melanippides
Heavy with ringing hymns — and thy young
branch,
Vine of Simonides, and twisted in
Nossis, thine iris flower that breathes of myrrh,
And in its tablets are Love's stores of wax.
Herewith, Rhianus' scented marjoram,
And the sweet crocus of Erinna too
Clear as the girl's own skin — and hyacinth,
Alcæus' hyacinth that speaks to bards —
And a dark-spray of Samius' laurel-tree,
Fresh ivy-clusters of Leonidas,
And foliage of Mnesalclus' needled pine.
And from the plane-tree song of Pamphilus
He cut a branch, and with the walnut boughs

Of Pancrates he twined it, and white leaves
Of Tymnes' poplar. Nicias' green mint
And sandwort of Euphemus from the shore;
And Damagetus' purple violet,
And the sweet myrtle of Callimachus
Full of sharp honey — with Euphorion's flower.
The lychnis and, therewith, his cyclamen,
The Muses call after the sons of Zeus.

This is Dioscorides'. We must find one
epigram of his, at all events: —

And Hegesippus' maddening grape-cluster
He set therein, and Persus' scented flag
And a sweet apple from Diotimus' tree —
Pomegranate flowers of Menecrates,
And the myrrh branches of Nicanetus,
Phaennus' flax plant — Simmias' tall wild pear.
And a few leaves he pulled of Parthenis
Her delicate meadow-parsley, and — gleanings
fair

Of the honey-dropping muses — golden ears
From the wheat-harvest of Bacchylides.
And old Anacreon — that sweet strain of his,
An unsown flowerage of his nectar songs:
And the rough white-thorn of Archilochus
He gathered from the pasture — as it were.
Only a few drops from a sea of bloom —
Young shoots of Alexander's olive-grown
And Polycleitus' dark blue corn-flower. There
He set Polystratus the amaracus,
The poets' flower, and from Antipater
A young Phœnician cypress: and therewith
Eared Syrian spikenard which he gathered him
Out of his singing they call Hermes' gift.

That is Hermodorus. There is only one
epigram of his in the "Anthology," a beautiful
one upon a statue of Athene: —

And Poseidippus too, and Hædulus —
Flowers of the field — and wind-flowers spring-
ing glad
In airs Sicilian,

(that is a periphrasis for asclepias per-
haps, for these flowers are for the poets of
country life) —

and the golden bough
Of sacred Plato, shining in its worth.
And he threw in Aratus learned in stars,
Cutting the first spires of his heaven-high pine,
Chæræmon's lofty lotus, mixing it
With flos of Phædimus and chamomile —
The crinkled oxeeye — of Antagoras,
And fresh green thyme of Theodoridas —
The wine-cup's charm — and Phanies' bean-
flowers too,
With many shoots fresh sprung of other bards,
Adding thereto white early violets
Of his own muse. But to my friends I give
Thanks. And this gracious coronal of song
Be for all such as love these holy things.

There it is with its *envoi*. Nothing about
order except the order of taste, as if he
were really plaiting a garland — just the
praise of a book of pleasant verses. Now,
to make any portion of the "Anthology"

come to us anything like what Meleager's
collection was, we want to make a wreath
of songs too — to get a taste of a great
many writers at their best. Only we must
plait our flowers with this difference —
that Meleager's own early violets take the
place of a great many of the poets' flowers
whom he quoted.

Mr. Wright's little book "The Golden
Treasury of Greek Poetry," published in
1867 in the Clarendon Press Series, gives
a taste of a great many very good, nay,
perhaps best, things, all through Greek
literature, and his specimens from the "An-
thology" are as good as the rest. The
book is handy and available; and he has
tied up the epigrams in groups which give
some sort of order, and allow a sufficient
variety. It were pity to do again what he
has done so well, especially as by choos-
ing his selection nearly all references and
Greek letters can be avoided; so I shall
take it for basis, and try and be clear and
simple in my renderings and as interesting
as I can. I shall want to add some few
epigrams, nearly all of them Meleager's,
and shall do so from time to time at the
end of that group of Mr. Wright's to
which they severally appertain.

We need not trouble ourselves about all
the very classical epitaphs which form his
first group. They have not the personal
interest of those which come later in the
fourth section, being for the most part
rhetorical exercises — models of brevity
and fulness in the Greek, but thankless in
English verse, and indeed in print alto-
gether. The longest of them, for instance,
which has its *locus classicus* in Demos-
thenes' "De Coronâ" has been done scores
of times and never yet made thrilling. It
is no doubt rather out of compliment and
custom that Mr. Wright has included it.
Scholars look for it everywhere, and I
hope they will not be disappointed to fore-
go their favorite here; it is quite too in-
volved for translation, and has in itself
none of the special charm of the Greek
epigram — terseness with limpidity.

Here are his first two, epitaphs of Si-
monides, who lived a good five hundred
years before Christ, "On them that fell
with Leonidas: —"

For their dear country these her quenchless
glory

Won, for themselves the dusky shroud of
death.

By that same death they live, whose echoing
story

Rings from the halls Hades inhabiteth.

And: —

Stranger ! tell Lacedæmon — here we lie !
Hers was the word and ours the will to die.

And here is a fine traditionary epitaph
for Achilles : —

This mound, the Achæans reared, — Achilles'
tomb —

For terror to the Trojans yet to be,
Leans shoreward that his mighty spirit whom
Sea Thetis bore may hear its dirge of the
sea.

I should like to add this noble and characteristic one of Dioscorides. (I promised one of his for the sake of Meleager's wreath). But I am afraid I must give a reference here to the "Palatine Anthology" (viii. 434).

The mother sent eight sons against the foe —
Eight sons beneath one pillar buried she,
Nor wept for grief, nor spake aught else but
— "Oh,

These children, Sparta, did I bear for thee !

And now, commencing Mr. Wright's second section, we come straight upon Meleager's "Spring Song," which might be — I had almost written must be — Spenser's work in Greek, and which is one of the loveliest as it is one of the longest pieces in the "Anthology." As there is evidently the Alexandrian touch about it, and the work is almost of the Christian era, I shall expand it a little more, in English, than I should venture to do were it the work of an earlier period : —

Now wintry winds are banished from the sky,
Gay laughs the blushing face of flowery
spring :

Now lays the land her duskier raiment by
And dons her grass-green vest, for signal why
Young plants may choose themselves app-
parelling.

Now, drinking tender dews of generous morn,
The meadows break into their summer smile,
The rose unfolds her leaves : and glad, the
while,

In far-off hills the shepherd winds his horn,
And his white brede the goatherd's heart
beguile.

Now sail the sailors over billowing seas
While careless zephyr fills the canvas fair,
And singing crowds with dances debonnaire
Praise Dionysus for the grapes' increase —
The berried ivy twisted in their hair.

Forth from the rotting hide now bees are
come —

Deft craftsmen working well and warily —
And in the hive they settle, while they ply
Fresh-flowing waxen store, with busy hum,
And small pierced cells for their sweet in-
dustry.

Now shrilleth clear each several bird his note.
The halcyon charms the wave that knows no
gale,

About our eves the swallow tells her tale,
Along the river banks the swan, afloat,
And down the woodland glades the nightin-
gale.

Now tendrils curl and earth bursts forth
anew —

Now shepherd's pipe and fleecy flocks are
gay —

Now sailors sail, and Bacchus gets his due —
Now wild birds chirp and bees their toil pur-
sue —

Sing, poet, thou — and sing thy best for
May.

"Ainsi," says Sainte-Beuve, "le printemps de Méléagre n'était pas un idéal dans lequel, comme dans presque tous nos avril et nos mai, l'imagination, éveillée par le renouveau, assemble divers traits épars, les arrange plus ou moins, et les achève . . . l'heureux poète n'a fait que copier la nature."

Next we go back more than two hundred years to Leonidas. He is terser, but loves the spring quite as well (I must try and be terser too) : —

'Tis time to sail — the swallow's note is heard,
Who chattering down the soft west wind is
come,

The fields are all aflower, the waves are dumb
Which erst the winnowing blast of winter
stirred.

Loose cable, friend, and bid your anchor rise,
Crowd all your canvas at Priapus' hest,
Who tells you from your harbors — "Now
'twere best,

Sail'r, to sail upon your merchandise."

The last of this group is Agathias' vintage song. He lived a good seven hundred years after Leonidas, and is a pagan only by imitation ; but he did delicious work, with a certain lilt about it that makes translation irresistible, and here he is at his very best — for his "Laurel-leaves," a series of love-songs, are lost long ago : —

Tread we thine infinite treasure, Iacchus, the
vintage sweet !

Weave we the Bacchic measure with paces of
wilderer feet.

Down flows the vast clear stream, and the
ivy-wood bowls, as they float
O'er the surging nectar, seem each like a fairy
boat.

Close we stand as we drink and pledge in the
glowing wine —

No warm naiad, I think, need kiss in your cup
or mine !

See, o'er the wine-press bending, the maiden
Roseflower beams —

Splendor of loveliness sending that dazzles the
flood with its gleams.

Captive the hearts of us all ! straightway no
man that is here
But is bound to Bacchus in thrall — to Paphia
in bondage dear.
Cruel — for while at our feet he revels in boun-
tiful rain,
Longing most fleet — most sweet — is all she
gives for our pain.

That is all, I am sorry to say, that Mr.
Wright has quoted in his idyllic section.
As I am going to cut out a few from his
fifth part, I shall here insert a lovely one
of Meleager's to a locust — not half well
known enough (vii. 195) : —

Charmer of longing — counsellor of sleep !
— The cornfields' chorister
Whose wings to music whirl —
Come, mimic lute, my soul in songs to steep,
Brush tiny foot and wing
In tender musicking :
Come ! out of sleepless care my heart uplift,
Locust, and set love free
With your shrill minstrelsy.
And, in the morning, I will give for gift
A fresh green leek to you
And kissing drops of dew.

I will not apologize for the metre ; no Eng-
lishman could write anything but a lyric
to a locust.

The third part brings us to the love-
songs, of which I cannot spare any, and I
must add one or two. Meleager is at the
head of the poets here, of course, but I
cannot bring myself to give his sweethearts
their proper names, Heliadora and Zeno-
phile, and I prefer putting a simple Eng-
lish equivalent or none at all to selecting
other names, which must always be a mat-
ter of the translator's individual taste, and
so rather an impertinence, although no
less a name than Shelley's* sanctions it.

White flowers the violet now, Narcissus flow-
ers
And drinks the dewy showers :
The lily plants arow.
On hillsides grow.
But Spring's best crown, her flower of flowers,
is here,
My lady-love, my dear :
Most winsome bud that blows
And sweetest rose.
Proud fields, in vain ye laugh with blooms
bedight !
For lo, my lady's light
Is better than the breath
Of all your wreath.

I shall be accused of *recherche* here ; but
it is a case where it is much better to be
fanciful than to be bald, and whoever cares
to substitute "Zenophile" for "my lady-

* Though his "kissing Helena" owes the name
doubtless to the "Faustus" of Marlowe : —

"Her lips suck forth my soul : see, where it flies."

love" will see how it puts the little poem
out, though it has no effect upon the metre.

The next is Elizabethan too, if I may
classify my poets so, but full of epithets
almost impossible in English : —

I cry you Love — at earliest break of day
But now, even now, his wings the wanderer
spread

And passed away,
Leaving his empty bed.
Ho ! ye that meet the boy — for such is he,
Full of sweet tears and wit ; a fickle sprite

Laughing and free,
With wings and quiver bright !
Yet know I not on whom to father Love —
For earth denies the wanton child his name,
And air above,

And the broad sea the same.
With each and all he lives at feud. Beware
Lest, while I speak, he cast

A dainty snare
Over your hearts at last.
But see ! his hiding-place, his very self,
Close to my hand, behold, the archer lies,
A laughing elf
Within my lady's eyes.

The next is of the same period, and by
Philodemus, who came also from Gadara,
which we know of as the city of swine, but
which was a city of poets then.

Gadara first received me — that famous city
my mother,

says Meleager in one of his epitaphs for
himself, which we cannot find room for in
full. In this song of Philodemus is a note
of warning which we do not get in Me-
leager : —

Nor yet the season of bare stems for flowers,
Nor yet wine-hued the grape cluster, which
now

Puts forth its maiden charms — but these the
hours
When little Loves prepare them each his
bow,

Lusidice, and smoke from embers lours —
Poor lovers I and thou !
Ere the dart speed a hasty flight be ours,
For soon the world will be ablaze, I trow.

Meleager would not have confused the
picture so ; but what is real and valuable
in that song is the sigh in it. Rufinus has
the same sigh, but his touch is more pa-
thetic still ; he does not compliment his
lady as Ben Jonson did when he "sent her
a late rosy wreath" : —

Oh ! royal rose — of many a flower and sweet,
Mine hands have woven you a garland meet,
And, having woven, lay it at your feet.

Here lilies, here the rosebud, and here too
The windflower with her petals drenched in
dew,
And daffodillies cool, and violets blue.

Let this fair garland put your pride to death !
To you that bloom to-day, each blossom saith
"Your beauty, like my beauty, withereth."

Meleager's glad song comes in again, with
no sadness in its tone : —

Now will I weave white violets, daffodils

With myrtle spray,
And lily bells that trembling laughter fills,
And the sweet crocus gay.

With these blue hyacinth, and the lover's rose
That she may wear —

My sun-maiden — each scented flower that
blows

Upon her scented hair.

I think we must give Agathias the palm
among these. His vintage song, which I
quoted already, would be fit pendant for
the fresco of the grape-treading in the
Campo Santo at Pisa ; but here he is quite
as fine when he would turn his back upon
the wine-cup. He is Ben Jonson. We
have all heard some of this poem before : —

No wine for me ! — Nay, and it be your will,
Kiss first the goblet — I will drink my fill :
How may I, when thy lips have touched it,
dare

Be sober still, and that sweet draught for-
swear ?

For the cup steers the kiss from thee to me,
And tells me all the bliss it won of thee.

I venture to transpose the order of the
next two songs, to give Meleager's toast to
Heliodora close upon this one (Herrick,
after Jonson) : —

Fill to the sun-maiden ! and then

Upon the draught her name

Yet once again, "The sun-maiden,"

And be the toast the same.

Ah ! yet once more : and give to me

That garland drenched in myrrh :

Her wreath of yesterday shall be

Memorial of her.

In the "Palatine Anthology" there is a
parenthesis with which the song ends,
too pretty for me to refrain from giving it,
as Mr. Wright has done : —

(And lo ! the rose, the lover's love,

— Because it sees her lying

Another's burning heart above —

The very rose is crying !)

Fortunately the next three are short, for
I shall have some longer ones to add : —

Farewell, Phæosphorus — dawn's herald ray,
But soon return as Hesperus, I pray,
And, darkling, bring back her you take away.

Here is a traditionary one ; the fancy is
as old and as young as love, and Tenny-
son's "Miller's Daughter" is perhaps the
amber in which it lives best. Both these

epigrams are his we will say, for he has
"Sweet Hesper Phosphor" in his "In
Memoriam" : —

It's oh ! to be a wild wind — when my lady's
in the sun —

She'd just unbind her neckerchief, and take
me breathing in.

It's oh ! to be a red rose — just a faintly blush-
ing one —

So she'd pull me with her hand and to her
snowy breast I'd win.

The last is Plato's divine one to Aster.
Mr. Farrar has done it into an hexameter
and pentameter neatly, if not poetically,
and I give my rendering with diffidence : —

Thou gazest on the stars — a star to me

That art — but oh ! that I the heavens might
be

And with a thousand eyes still gaze on thee !

I must add to these love-songs two or
three in a different strain. Here is a very
bright one of Rufinus (v. 15) : —

Ah ! where is now Praxiteles ? and where the
hands of Heraclite

That wrought of old such images, as made the
marble breathe delight ?

Who now shall forge the ambrosial hair, the
burning glance of Milite,

Or teach the carven stone how fair the splen-
dors of her bosom be ?

Brave sculptors ! would that it were mine to
bid you at a lover's nod

For such a beauty raise a shrine, as for the
statue of a god !

And of Meleager (v. 57) : —

Love, if swimming in thy light oft-times burnt
the soul shall be,

Swiftly will she take her flight : cruel, she is
winged like thee !

Here is a very characteristic one (v. 182) :

Say to Lycænis, Dorcas, what you're bid.

Your love's proved false : false love can't long
be hid.

Tell her so, Dorcas — see ! and then again

A second and a third time, Dorcas, plain.

Run, don't delay, but fly ! stay — Dorcas —
stay !

Don't hurry, Dorcas, till I've said my say.

Add to the former words . . . (that's foolish !)
no.

Say nothing then, but this — yes, all. Now
go.

Be sure and tell her all. But why send you,

Dorcas — when here I am and coming too ?

This is the perfection of fancy — it is one
of a series which I wish I could include
(v. 152) : —

Fly for me, gnat, my swiftest messenger,

And touch my lady's ear,

Whispering this :

"He waits thee, waking, but thou sleepest yet.

Ah! thoughtless, to forget
 Thy votaries!"
 Fly to her, singing gnat, oh fly to her!
 Yet softly call her, softly, lest he hear
 And wake, who sleeps too near,
 And all my gains
 Be jealous blows. But an thou fetch her me,
 A lion's skin to thee,
 Gnat, for thy pains,
 And a club will I give, in hand to bear.

Could anything be more delicate than that — the notion of dressing a gnat in the attributes of Herakles after his feat of bringing the love to the lover? That at least has not come down to us along the centuries in every poet's song. It is unique, a little orchid in the Greek garden of flowers. But the next has a truer note of feeling (v. 174): —

Now sleeps my lady, like a gentle flower —
 O that I were as sleep without his wing,
 Across her eyelids there!
 So not even he that on Zeus' eyes hath power
 Should share with me the sweet companion-
 ing
 That I should get of her.

This, of regret (xii. 32): —

Ah now remember! yes, now remember
 How this good word in the good days I said:
 "Beauty is sweetest — beauty is fleetest,
 Not the swiftest bird in air
 Is a swifter passenger."

Lo! now to earth your beauty flowers are shed!

That is a chrysanthemum indeed — a golden flower, fit winter gathering in the Greek garden. And this of passion (v. 215): —

I pray thee, Love, for sake of my poor song
 To put to sleep this sleepless love of mine!
 Yea — for they will not learn — those arrows
 thine

To smite another, but they do me wrong
 Winging their flight forever at only me.
 What though thou slay me? I shall leave this
 line

Written, whereof the sound shall echo long:
 "Here lies, whose murder was of Love's
 cruelty."

But of all that the prince of love-poets did
 there is nothing that equals this. I have
 not been quite literal here. Scholars will
 know why I need handle it delicately, and
 it tells its own tale of longing (xii. 125).

Love brought by night a vision to my bed,
 One that still wore the vesture of a child
 But eighteen years of age — who sweetly
 smiled

Till of the lovely form false hopes were bred
 And keen embraces wild.

Ah! for the lost desire that haunts me yet,
 Till mine eyes fall in sleep that finds no
 more

That fleeting ghost! Oh lovelorn heart,
 give o'er —
 Cease thy vain dreams of beauty's warmth —
 forget

The face thou longest for!

All through the "Anthology" there is
 nothing rings truer than that. Again I
 have begun and ended with Meleager, but
 this section was his special sphere, his
 share in the epitaphs being, though noble,
 comparatively small.

The first of these — the epitaphs of
 friendship and love — is Plato's for Aster,
 finely done by Shelley, of which I write
 the mere English: —

As morning star to man thy light was shed —
 As evening star thou shinest for the dead!

And then follows one of the only two Mr.
 Wright gives of Meleager's: —

Tears, lady, though thou lie beneath the earth,
 The little Love has left for Death, I shed
 Tears, bitter tears, o'er thy lamented head,
 Poor tribute of my heart and my heart's
 dearth.

Heavily, heavily, — my dear — my dead! —

In vain to Acheron I mourn thy worth;

Ah! where's the stem that gave my longing
 birth?

Now Death hath torn — hath torn it from its
 bed.

Yea, dust hath stained my floweret at her best;
 I pray thee, mother earth, that tenderly
 Thou gather her whom all we weep to thee —
 And fold her gently, mother, to thy breast.

That is what he wrote for his sun-maiden,
 as I called her in the toast. The next is
 by Erinna, who lived more than five hun-
 dred years before Meleager, and who died
 when she was only nineteen, leaving work
 that promised, the ancients thought, to
 equal Homer's, but this one which Mr.
 Wright gives is only doubtfully hers.

Pillars and sirens mine, and mournful urn
 That holdest all death's little ashes here,
 Bid "hail" to them that greet my sepulchre,
 Strangers or citizens, ere they return.
 And say, "Her father called this buried maid
 Baucis by name — her race was Tenian."
 That they may know my story while they scan
 These signs Erinna's hand — my friend's —
 portrayed.

There is a fine epitaph for Erinna herself,
 which will not be out of place here (vii.
 13): —

Maiden Erinna, like a minstrel bee,
 Culling her flowers fresh with the Muses'
 breath,
 Death snatched to bridal: ah! a prophet she,
 Singing so surely, "Thou art jealous, Death."

But to Callimachus must be given the
 palm in this section. He was chief libra-

rian at Alexandria; and lived shortly before the first Punic War. *Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα κακόν*, he said, "A big book is a big evil," and of all his eight hundred volumes only six hymns and less than a century of epigrams remain. These have been, many of them, quite beautifully translated, but I think this will be welcome under a new guise:—

Their prattling Crethis full of blameless laughter

Off seek the Samian maidens, many an one :
All her sweet gossip at the loom is done.
She sleeps, below, the sleep that follows after,
Which never a maiden of them all can shun.

The next one is so evidently by Mrs. Browning, that I may be allowed some of her loose rhymes.

Dead ! my firstborn ? no ! to a better country
departed,
Living in happy islands, that know no maid so
light-hearted.

There thou goest rejoicing along the Elysian
pasture —
Soft the flowers around thee—away from
every disaster.

Winter nor chills thee, nor summer burns, nor
sickness makes sorry ;
Thou nor hungerest more nor thirstest, and
robbed of its glory
Seems to thee now this life of ours, for thou
dwellst securely —

Innocent, there where the rays of Olympus
enhallow thee purely !

This is Meleager's best, so earnest that I have changed the person in order to retain the "intimate" tone. Herrick, our Meleager, did this one too.

Bridal none but death for bridegroom, dear,
Falls to thee to lay thy girlhood by.
Oh ! last eve upon our threshold, clear
Rang the lotus-flutes, and merrily
Echoed back the beaten chamber door.
But this morning breaks no music glad —
Lamentation loud the flutes outpour,
And the bridal god wails hushed and sad.
Yea, the torch, that lit thee to my bed,
Lights thee that last way among the dead.

The next of Leonidas I need not give ; it is very matter-of-fact and not very interesting as a record of daily life. The charm of an epitaph of this description is that it shows how similar was life all those years ago to what it is now. As soon as that epitaph is given as an English verse this charm is to a great extent gone. The next of Callimachus I cannot spare.

Now would to God swift ships had ne'er been
made !

Then, Sopolis, we had not mourned thy
shade —

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Dear son of Diocleides seaward sent !
Now somewhere in deep seas thy corse is tost
Hither and thither—and for whom we lost
We find thy name and empty monument.

We pass on to this quaint one by Paulus Silentiarius, one of the latest writers, which Cowper translated strikingly but quite inadmissibly—for he puts all the lines into the mouth of the corpse, whereas the point of the epigram lies in the interruptions of the traveller.

"My name was"—Well ! it helps thee not,
"my land"—'Tis nought to me !

"My race was brave"—Vile had it been, what
matter would it be ?

"My life and death had fair renown"—If
shame, what could it do ?

"Here now I lie"—What's that to me ? and
what am I to you ?

On the next page this anonymous one is
fine:—

Now have I found the harbor ! Hope, and thou
good Hap, farewell !

We meet no more ; mock those on earth that
after me shall dwell.

And this of Plato for Dion, the tyrant of
Syracuse:—

Weeping the lot of the Ilian women—for
Hecuba weeping—

This was the weft of the Fates spun on the
day they were born.

Ah ! but from thee, my Dion, thy sacrifice
gratefully keeping,

Wide was the hope that the gods, quenching
thine honors, have torn.

Thou, while thy citizens praise thee, in the
glades of thy land liest sleeping,

Dion, desire of whose love wilders my
senses forlorn.

Mr. Johnson's pretty and simple verses for this one of Callimachus deter one from trying it again, but the epitaph (upon Heraclitus) is in itself immortal and will shine through many renderings. It is no mere exercise of verse making, but rings with as true and as restrained a note of sorrow as "Lycidas" or "Thyrsis."

One tells me, friend, that we are parted now.

And I recall how often I and thou,

In closest converse, sank the sun to sleep,

And, so remembering, weep.

Halicarnassian host ! somewhere thou must

Long, long ago be dust,

Yet live thy nightingales—thine own—for
them

Death, that takes all, hath never requiem !

This of Simmias is a little earlier (about 300 B.C.). The rendering "Wind, gentle evergreen," with which we are all familiar, does not seem to me to give at all the tone or the lilt of the verse.

Tenderly, ivy, on Sophocles' grave — right
tenderly — twine

Garlanding over the mound network of delicate green.

Everywhere flourish the flower of the rose,
and the clustering vine

Pour out its branches around, wet with their
glistening sheen.

All for the sake of the wisdom and grace it
was his to combine,

Priest of the gay and profound: sweetest of
singers terrene.

We need not linger over the epitaph for
Anacreon after that on Sophocles, and I
am anxious to make this of Leonidas into
a sonnet.

Shepherds that on this mountain ridge abide,
Tending your goats and fleecy flocks alway,
A little favor, but most grateful, pay
Cleitagoras, nor be the boon denied!
For sake of mother earth, and by the bride
Of Hades under earth, let sheep, I pray,
Blea: near me, and the shepherd softly play
From the scarred rock across the pasture wide.

Ah! but, in early spring cull meadowsweet,
Neighbor, and weave a garland for my tomb;
And with ewe's milk be the stone edge be-
dewed

When the lambs play about their mothers'
feet.

So shall you honor well the shades, from whom
Are thanks — and from the dead is gratitude.

I must interpolate one of Meleager's on
a hare, which I am afraid Mr. Wright does
not think grave enough for the "Golden
Treasury" (vii. 207): —

I was a fleet-foot, long-eared hare,
Snatched early from maternal care
On delicate spring flowers to fare.

In gentle Fanny's arms I lay,
Nor ever wished myself away,
Nor fretted for my mother aye.

Full many a dainty she supplied.
I lived on clover at her side,
And then, of too much clover, died.

Close to her couch she laid me dead:
In dreamland to be visited
By spectre tombs beside her bed.

Cowper should have done that instead of
the other. The last in the fourth section
is this very graceful one which bears no
master's name.

Kind earth, take old Amyntychus to thee
— Mindful of all his labors — tenderly.
For thee he set the olive's sturdy roots,
Many an one, and gave thee vineyard shoots
For beauty, and made thy valleys thick with
corn.
And of his hand were water runnels born

To feed thee serviceable herbs, beside
Thine apple-bearing orchards fair and wide.
Wherefore on his grey head, kind earth, lie
light,

And make with flowers his spring-tide pas-
tures bright.

Nearly all the epigrams in Mr. Wright's
fifth section are from the "Anthology of
Planudes," a monk of the fourteenth cen-
tury who "Bowdlerized" the old collec-
tions and added others. Two or three only
are from the "Palatine Anthology." This
first is by Diotimus, almost a contempo-
rary of Callimachus. It is a noble classic
speech for a statue.

Here am I, very Artemis, but thou,
Seeing Zeus' true daughter here in bronze
revealed,

Gaze on my maiden boldness, and allow
"For her were the whole earth mean hunt-
ing-field."

Next is a piece of description by Plato: —

Then came we to a shadowy grove: and lo!
Cythera's son like apples in their glow;
And he had laid his arrowy quiver by,

And his bent bow,
Hanging them from the leafy trees and high.
And there he lay among the roses sleeping
And, sleeping, smiled, while brown bees were
keeping

Court to his waxen lips for honey's flow
Above where he did lie.

The little one of Parmenio is not interest-
ing in English, but this of Agathias is
beautiful (perhaps we ought to call it Mrs.
Browning's). It is for a waxen Faun.

"All of its own accord, little faun, does thy
flute go on ringing?
Why, with ears to the reed, listenest the
livelong day?"

Smiling, he holds his peace: an answer may-
be had come winging,

Only he pays no heed, rapt in oblivion away.
Nay, not the wax withholds him; his whole
soul, charmed with the singing,
Gives back silence for meed, silent reward-
ing the lay.

This fine description of Niobe and her
children is the only one of Meleager's
which Mr. Wright gives in this group: —

Daughter of Tantalus! hearken my words — a
message to mourn —

Hear from my lips the pitiful tale of thy
woe!

Loosen thine hair, poor mother, that bared'st
for deity's scorn

Many a boy for Phœbus to mark with his
bow,

Now not a son is left thee. Fresh horror! for
what do I see?

Out and alas! a slaughter that spares not
the maid.

One in the arms of her mother, and one as she
clings to her knee,
One on the ground, and one at the breast
unafraid;
One faces death with a shudder erect; one
bends on the dart;
Last, there is one that looks on the daylight
alone.
Niobe, she that erewhile loved boasting, with
fear at her heart
Stands yet quick — a breathing mother of
stone.

But this is the loveliest of the group, full
of the care and passion of real grief: —

Pericles, Archias' son! To thee they place
— For witness of thy prowess in the chase —
My column, on whose stone the sculptor sets
Thy horse, thy dog, thy spears, thy hunting-
nets
Mounted on stakes, and eke the stakes alone —
Ah God! ah God! — for all are only stone!
At twenty years thou sleep'st death's sleep
profound,
And undisturbed by beasts that prowl around.

I shall not do the next one of Leonidas
about a drunken Anacreon. Here are two
pretty ones of Meleager instead about a
cup and a picture (v. 171): —

Bright laughs the cup — for "I have kissed,"
it saith,
"Thy lady's laughing mouth." Too happy
cup!
Oh! that, her lips to my lips, at a breath
My lady's kiss would drink my spirit up!

And (v. 149): —

Ah! who hath shown my lady unto me,
Her very self, as if she spake?
Who brought to me one of the Graces three
For friendship's sake?
Full surely brings he me a joyful thing,
And for his grace the grace of thanks I bring.

But I must not give Meleager the lion's
share again in this group — that is almost
the last of his I shall be able to put in.
These two of Plato's with which Mr.
Wright finishes the section are admirably
contrasted in tone, and both quite perfect.
This is for a ring: —

See! five oxen graven on a jasper gem!
To the life! and feeding one and all of them.
Stay — will they not run away — the beasts?
No, the fold
Of this golden circlet our little herd shall hold.
It is as fanciful as a nursery rhyme. The
other is as joyous and stately as Milton.

Silent! shaggy scour that Dryads keep.
Silent! rills adown the crags that run.
Silent! mingled bleating of the sheep —
I'an himself the piping has begun.

To his tuneful lip the reed sets he,
Lo! the dance awakens at his call.
Let your young feet trip it merrily,
Watrenymphs and woodnymphs one and all!

Mr. Wright's last section contains what
I might call the epigrams of thought.
The first is Palladas' — (I had almost
written Shakespeare's). He was a late
writer.

All life's a stage and farce. Or learn to play,
Careless, or bear your sorrows as you may.

And the next two are his also.

Naked to earth was I brought — naked to earth
I descend.

Why should I labor for nought, seeing how
naked the end?

And: —

Breathing the thin breath through our nostrils,
we

Live, and a little space the sunlight see —
Even all that live — each being an instrument
To which the generous air its life has lent.
If with the hand one quench our draught of
breath,

He sends the stark soul shuddering down to
death.

We that are nothing on our pride are fed,
Seeing, but for a little air, we are as dead.

The next beautiful one — quite Tennyso-
nian — is attributed to Æsopus in the
"Palatine Anthology," though Mr. Wright
gives it no master.

"Is there no help from life save only death?
Life that such myriad sorrows harboreth
I dare not break, I cannot bear," — one saith.

"Sweet are stars, sun, and moon, and sea, and
earth,

For service and for beauty these had birth,
But all the rest of life is little worth —

"Yea, all the rest is pain and grief," saith he,
"For if it hap some good thing come to me
An evil end befalls it speedily."

This of Agathias is most charming in its
naïveté. Certainly he is the latest of the
epigrammatists. But this complaint of
girls for secluded life might have been
written very few years ago.

Not such your burden, happy youths, as ours —
Poor women children nurtured daintily —

For ye have comrades, when ill fortune lours,
To hearten you with talk and company;
And ye have games for solace, and may roam
Along the streets and see the painters'
shows.

But woe betide us if we stir from home —
And there our thoughts are dull enough,
God knows!

The next, by Agathias too, is true nowa-
days and always.

At this smooth marble table let us sit
 And while away the time with dice a bit!
 Don't crow, sir, if you win—and then, should
 I,
 Grumble and growl, "It's all that beastly die;"
 For in such trifles is man's temper plain,
 And the dice test our power to self-restrain.

This one by Poseidippus, some seven hundred years earlier, has been well done by Sir John Beaumont together with its answer, attributed to Metrodorus. I am tempted to do it again though, as it just fits a sonnet.

Show me some path of life! The marketplace

Breeds only quarrel and hard bargainings,
 Staying at home incessant worry brings,
 Of working in the fields one tires apace,
 Who goes to sea a constant dread must face,
 And, if one travel, fears for precious things
 Torment—if one has none, the lacking
 stings—

So, rich or poor, hard is the traveller's case.

Married, what care! single, what loneliness!
 Children bring sorrow—blank the childless
 life;

Foolish is youth, and old age listless quite.
 Here lies the only choice, I must confess—
 Not to be born into this world of strife,
 Or straight to die, having but just seen the
 light.

For this next—Ptolemy's, who lived about two centuries and a half on in the Christian era—I shall borrow a turn of rhyme from Robert Browning.

I know that I am mortal and the creature of a day.

But when I see the stars, like sand in orbits
 turn away,

As that divinest sight I heed, I spurn the earth
 and say,

"Now am I even as Zeus, and feed on his
 ambrosia."

This is more familiar. The author is unknown, but the text is as old as Solomon.

Drink and be merry! for what is the future
 and what is the morrow?

No man answereth thee. Labor not thou,
 neither run;

Feast as thou may'st, and do good and distribute: but let not life borrow

Any false worth, for "to be," "not to be"
 —lo! 'tis all one!

Yea, what is life? an thou take it, thy thrall.
 'Tis the turn of the scale.

But, an thou lose it, another's is all—but
 thee nought can avail.

The last but one is a poem of Marcus Argentarius, also late, full of a beautiful hedonism.

The golden stars are quiring in the west,
 And in their measure will I dance my best,

But in no dance of man.

High on my head a crown of flowers I raise
 And strike my sounding lyre in Phœbus'
 praise,

For this is life's best plan,
 And the whole firmament were wrong
 Had it no crown, no song.

This crown, this song,* this "order" of life was what made Greek humanity divine. There is no more concise expression of the intimacy between daily life and ritual than that little verse contains in the heart of it. It is the most Greek but, perhaps Mr. Wright thought, not the most philosophic strain to end with, and he brings us to a full stop with Philodemus' resolutions.

I loved—and you. I played—who hath not
 been

Steeped in such play? If I was mad, I ween
 'Twas for a god and for no earthly queen.

Hence with it all! Then dark my youthful
 head,

Where now scant locks of whitening hair, instead,
 Reminders of a grave old age, are shed.

I gathered roses while the roses blew.
 Playtime is past, my play is ended too.
 Awake, my heart! and worthier aims pursue.

There is a note of Herrick again in that. We found one of Philodemus' love-songs in the third group, and noticed its sigh of sadness, "Poor lovers, I and thou." We saw that he too came from Gadara and was a contemporary of Meleager. It is strange to catch the selfsame notes ringing from the midst of that Syrian culture, which we hear echo our own longings of to-day in the poets of the golden age of Elizabeth.

WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

* The allusion in the poem is to the constellations of Orpheus and Ariadne—lute and crown.

From The Academy.

A CHINESE IN PHILADELPHIA.*

A CHINESE visitor to the Philadelphia Exhibition has written a book with notes of his journey and a description of the exhibition. He was sent by Mr. Hart, inspector general of Chinese customs, and the book, which is in four volumes, has been printed at the Customs Press at Shanghai, by order of Mr. Hart. The author also visited Japan on his way to America, and

* *Hwan yeu ti chieu sin lu.* (New Account of Travels round the Globe.)

spent a few days in England and France on his return to China. The work is a full statement of his thoughts and experiences, and contains a mass of information new to his countrymen. He has not the scholarly and elevated tastes of Kwo Sung-tau, the ambassador to England, or the poetic spirit of Pin Chun, the first in time of the Chinese envoys to Europe. But his mind is open to impressions, and he has an eye for machinery and the products of Western civilization. He is a sincere admirer of the railway and the telegraph. He appreciates the cleanliness of Western habits of living. He enjoys the luxuries of hotel life, and the comfort of a carriage and pair. He was active with his pen, and has drawn a long succession of accurate pictures of foreign objects and foreign life. The book betokens great industry on the part of the author, and his possession of an aptitude for close observation. His spirit toward foreign nations is friendly and unprejudiced. Li Kwei had, before this eight months' journey round the world, been employed in the Ningpo custom-house as a despatch-writer for more than ten years. Here he had become acquainted with foreigners, his superiors in office, and was thus better prepared to understand without prejudice what he saw as a traveller. Besides, he has not forgotten for a moment that the object of his mission was that he might write a book on the exhibition and on the incidents of his travels for the information of his countrymen. Without sacrificing his independence he writes as a custom-house *employé*, under foreign control. When Li Hung-chang was asked to contribute a preface he consented. He writes in the tone that might be expected from the most able and influential of the living viceroys of China. He alludes to the intelligence and inventive genius of Western nations. He regards railways and the telegraph, iron-plated ships of war and improved rifles, as means to an end. That end is the increased wealth and power of Western countries. He sees the Western men, not only trying each to surpass the other in these advantages, but applying themselves with pertinacious zeal to the expansion of their commerce. He adds that all this is caused by the spirit of the modern age. To describe Western civilization is to confer a real benefit on China: the more so as China has now sent her high officials as ambassadors to the West, and is educating some of her select youth in foreign countries. China and Western kingdoms are become almost one family. "The five continents and

lands where strange languages are used are as familiar to us as our own family door." It is well for the State and people of China to have a careful record of what is to be seen and heard in the West by a scholar from among themselves. While the viceroy talks in this way he has shown neither courage nor energy in stemming the tide of opposition to railways and telegraphs in China. But his feelings are military. He wishes ardently that China may be strong, and should public opinion become a little liberalized by the circulation of such books as this, he will still be able to assist after a few years in starting his countrymen on a new career. If he will dismiss his fear of indignant censors and the loss of court favor, the country will follow his lead more willingly than that of any other man. Li Kwei defends international exhibitions. He says he at first thought the Philadelphia Exhibition a great waste of money. By saying this he intentionally places himself at the standpoint of a multitude of his countrymen. But he now knows that it has tended to promote friendly intercourse among nations. Such exhibitions stimulate to invention, extend the knowledge of the productions of the earth, and aid in their equitable distribution. So far from being wasteful they are highly beneficial to a country. He tells his readers that he is convinced that the Centenary Exhibition was of very high utility to each of the thirty-seven kingdoms which took part in it. The wide view he has been able to take of foreign ways and inventions has made the author progressive. For example, he strongly advocates female education. When he mentions that women desire to enter Parliament and discuss public affairs, he perhaps feels satirical, but he does not say a word in disparagement of women's claims to education, and their intellectual equality with men. He adopts the principle that female ability is equal to that of the male sex, and urges on his countrymen a return to the education of women, which, he says, has been neglected since the Cheu dynasty. On this subject he writes with the feeling of one who sympathizes with the female sex, and believes in its great capability of progress through education. There are in America three or four millions of female teachers and scholars, and this, he says, is why the country daily grows in prosperity. The nation knows how to use its native talent. Parents in those countries value daughters as much as sons. But, he adds, in China it is different. Daughters are despised by some and drowned by others.

He traces this to the fact that female instruction has fallen out of use. He then appeals to the classics for evidence that girls ought to be educated, and this, he says, would prove the true cure for the evil practice of female infanticide. But, he adds, matters are carried too far, when, as occurred in the fifth month of the year in which he wrote, he saw in the newspapers a statement that a woman had said publicly that in the impending election for president of the United States it was a crying injustice that women could not be nominated for that high post. He records with great pleasure the favorable opinions he heard from foreigners of various countries with regard to the taste and elegance observable in Chinese manufactures. While Japan was struggling at Philadelphia to imitate and rival Western ingenuity on the basis of Western ideas, he rejoices that China was able, without imitating foreign nations, to obtain from impartial judges willing recognition of her fair claims to superiority in many points over all other nations in matters of ingenuity and taste, and the combination of utility with elegance of form. It was agreed that China held the first place at the Centenary Exhibition in silk, tea, silk fabrics, carved ornaments, and in vases of the King-t'ai period. A lower place was assigned to lacquer ware, bronzes and silver, and bamboo ornaments of Chinese make. He details for the information of his countrymen the objections made in America and elsewhere to the imperfect preparation for the market of Chinese silk and tea. He strongly urges on his countrymen to adopt better methods. The favorable judgment pronounced on the productions of Japan and China exhibited at Philadelphia has been repeated at Paris. Observers admire the obvious utility, elegance, and ingenuity of the objects sent by Chinese and Japanese exhibitors. It must, then, be admitted that these races have no mean gifts in the region of art. They have the power to conceive and to execute original and beautiful objects of utility. We must pardon the Chinese who a thousand years ago taught their arts to Japan if they feel some pride in the position that is now cheerfully assigned to them by Western connoisseurs. If they cannot fight so well as Western nations, or originate such magnificent inventions as the railway and telegraph, they have a field of excellence where they need not fear competition. The lacquer ware and bronzes of Japan must be regarded as indirectly the productions of Chinese skill. The Japanese and Chi-

nese arts form together the Chinese school. The author describes several of the charitable institutions of America. To an appreciative account of the large asylum for orphans at Philadelphia he appends what a countryman of his own had done for young criminals. He was magistrate at *Yü yau*, near Ningpo. He was accustomed to take young thieves and have them taught a trade instead of punishing them. While they were learning he went himself, when he had leisure, and exhorted them to change their habit of stealing and lead a good life. They were, when the handicraft was learned, discharged on the surety of their relatives or their neighbors, or the tradesmen who had instructed them. The consequence was that in that district thefts were soon entirely unknown, and the town and neighborhood became noted for the honesty of the inhabitants. The author tells this story to show from the side of Chinese experience that the proper way to deal with young thieves is to have them taught some craft by which they may earn an honest living. After describing the Philadelphia Mint he discusses the advantage of a mint in China. He shows the inconvenience in the present use of silver by weight as a standard of value in commerce. He urges the arguments used by foreigners in favor of silver coinage. He describes the school at Hartford, where one hundred and forty Chinese youths and boys are under instruction. In the house occupied by them is a chamber set apart for the worship of Confucius, with a tablet having the sage's title inscribed on it. There is also a small apartment for making prostrations to the emperor, whose tablet is also placed there. Each youth costs the government about 120¢ a year. They went in a body to Philadelphia to see the exhibition, and while there were introduced to the president, who took kindly notice of them all. The education of these youths will extend over ten or fifteen years. After this time they will be available for the consulates which China will by that time have established for Chinese legations, for the customs' service in China, and for interpreting on behalf of mandarins at the open ports. He pays special attention to gun-foundries and arsenals. In these, China officials feel profound interest, being convinced that power lies in artillery. They mistake the cause for the effect, and seem to believe that the Western nations prosper because they have efficient weapons of war. For some years to come travellers from China will therefore continue to describe the lat-

est military and naval inventions in order to gratify the interest felt in them by Chinese viceroys. The author has made an enormous mistake in stating the sum expended in the construction of the Suez Canal. He says that it cost three hundred million pounds sterling. This is at least thirty times the actual outlay.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE OLD BED OF THE OXUS.

THE announcement that the Amou-Darya has returned to its old bed is calculated to puzzle those newspaper readers who have hitherto taken but a languid interest in central Asian affairs. Most rivers have but one bed. The Oxus, however, or "Amou-Darya," as that famous stream is called by the Turcomans and the Russians, has two—one of which disembogues at a point on the southern shore of the Aral Lake, from ninety to a hundred miles due north of Khiva; while the other in former times emptied itself by the Balkan Creek into Krasnovodsk Bay, one of the inlets on the south-eastern coast of the Caspian Sea. The Oxus was turned out of its old bed leading to the Caspian into the new one leading to the Aral Lake by means of a dam erected, within three or four days' march of Khiva, if not at a prehistoric period, at a period of which history has preserved no record. The date, however, of this notable diversion must be fixed at some time after the expulsion of the Tartars from Russia; since the operation is known to have been due to fear of the Russian power and its threatened extension in an easterly direction. In one of Mr. Robert Michell's invaluable translations from the Russian, for the use of the India Office, an interesting account is given of the first reception by the Russians, one hundred and sixty-five years ago, of information as to the double bed of the Amou-Darya, concerning which they seem up to that time to have known nothing. The inhabitants of Astrakhan, Russian as well as Tartar, had long been in the habit of crossing over from Astrakhan to the north-eastern extremity of the Caspian immediately opposite, and of trading there with the Turcomans, when in the year 1713 an eminent Turcoman, Hodja-Nefes by name, accompanied a party of Russian merchants on their return voyage to Astrakhan. There Hodja-Nefes waited upon Prince Michael Simonof, a Persian settled in Russia, whom

he informed that he had "matter of great State importance to disclose to the Russian emperor." Prince Simonof sent Nefes to St. Petersburg with a letter to Prince Alexander Bekovitch Cherkasski. Prince Bekovitch, who was an officer in the Imperial Guard and much in favor with the czar, presented Nefes and another Turcoman to Peter the Great, when the secret which Nefes wished to communicate proved to be that "in the country bordering the River Amou gold sand was procured, and that the river, which formerly flowed into the Caspian, and which, from apprehension of the Russians, had been diverted by the Usbegs (Khivans) into the Aral, might, by destroying the dam, be made again to run in its old channel—a work in which the Russians would be assisted by the Turcomans." Hodja Nefes' statements were to some extent confirmed by one Ashur-Bek, Khivan envoy at the Russian court, who asserted positively both that the Oxus at its sources brought down gold, and that the stream had been diverted from its old channel by the Khivans, who, he added, would not interfere with the work of turning its waters into their ancient bed should the Russians determine to perform it.

Peter proposed, in the first place, to construct at the place of the "Red Waters" (Krasnovodsk), where the Oxus had formerly entered the Caspian, a fort capable of accommodating one thousand men; and Ashur-Bek was himself of opinion that Krasnovodsk was the point on which the fort should stand. Soon afterwards this complainant ambassador left St. Petersburg on his way home. Peter charged him with a mission, or at least gave him credentials of some kind. But he was not the man to place trust in a servant who had shown himself willing to betray his master; and Ashur-Bek, on arriving at Astrakhan, found that he would not be allowed to proceed any further. In vain he addressed letters to the commandant of Astrakhan wishing "good health to the White Czar," and to the commandant himself long life and every comfort. He was kept a prisoner at Astrakhan for upwards of two years. Peter did not care much about reaching Khiva or Khiva and Bokhara alone. But he looked upon these countries as lying on the road to richer lands; and he saw that if the largest river of central Asia could really be turned into the Caspian, India, or the confines of India, might be reached by water. If the news given by the Russian newspapers as to the destruction of the dam near Khiva be true, then

direct water communication may ere long be established by way of the Volga, the Caspian, and the Oxus, between St. Petersburg and Afghan Turkestan, between the Ladoga Lake and the slopes of the Hindoo Koosh. Before taking any decisive steps, before even building a fort at Krasnovodsk, Peter resolved to send a reconnoitring expedition along what the Turcomans declared to be the old bed of the river as far as the point where, according to their statements, the dam had been constructed. Prince Alexander Bekovitch Cherkasski, who had presented the Turcoman Hodja-Nefes to the czar, was appointed to the command of the expedition; and early in 1714 Prince Bekovitch was despatched to Khiva, or at least in the direction of the Khivan capital, as if for the purpose of congratulating a new khan who had just ascended the throne.

After an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Caspian, which was full of ice at the time, Prince Bekovitch made a second endeavor with good effect, and, reaching the camping-grounds on the east coast of the Caspian, summoned the chiefs of the Turcoman tribes, and questioned them about the discharge of the River Oxus into the Caspian Sea, and as to the possibility of diverting the stream into its old channel. The Turcomans declared that the course of the Oxus had indeed been turned; and that if a canal of about thirteen miles were dug to a gully known to them, and which was said to be the old bed of the river, the water would once more flow into the Caspian at the "Red Waters," otherwise Krasnovodsk Bay. To obtain confirmation of this statement, Bekovitch sent two Astrakhan nobles, together with Hodja-Nefes, the Turcoman, who knew the country, to the place where the dam was said to turn the waters. They were instructed, after reaching the dam, to return by the old bed of the river to Krasnovodsk Bay, where the former mouth of the Oxus was supposed to be; and to that point of rendezvous Prince Bekovitch sailed with the whole of his force from the spot where he had encountered the Turcoman chiefs on the east coast of the Caspian. From this place—Tiub-Karagan by name—to Khiva there was a road, and along this Hodja-Nefes led the two Russians from Astrakhan. After a fortnight's journey on camels they came to Karagatch, a Khivan boundary settlement, through which lay the great caravan road from Astrakhan to Khiva; and here within two versts (one mile and a third) of the Oxus was an embankment of

earth three feet high by seven feet wide extending nearly eleven miles and washed along the whole line by the Oxus, which was at that time flooded—just as it is said to have been the other day when, without the assistance of engineers and by its own natural force, it burst through its ancient dam.

Leaving the great Khiva road on their right, the explorers proceeded across the steppe, and after travelling about sixteen miles came in sight of the gully which the Turcomans assured them was the old bed of the river. They marched three days along this gully to the Ata-Ibrahim settlement, noticing the traces of former settlements and towns on both sides. They also found traces of canals leading from various parts of the gully to former fields and dwelling-places, which confirmed them in the opinion that the river had actually flowed there in bygone days. Hodja-Nefes assured the two Russians from Astrakhan that the gully which they had followed from Ata-Ibrahim continued all the way to the Caspian Sea; but he absolutely refused to conduct them any further, fearing, he said, an attack from Khivan or other robbers. With this information the party joined Prince Bekovitch at the "Red Waters." But the exploration, though fully satisfactory so far as it went, had been by no means complete; and the prince despatched another Russian of Astrakhan with a party of Turcomans to examine the gully from the Caspian as far as Ata-Ibrahim. The Turcomans did not conduct the Russians so far as that place. But they went a considerable distance towards it, and far enough to convince the Russian and Prince Bekovitch, who received the Russian's report, that the gully on the Caspian side and the gully on the Ata-Ibrahim side joined so as to form one continuous channel. Prince Bekovitch considered that the ancient bed of the Oxus had now been discovered, and felt sure that the river had formerly emptied itself, by Balkan Creek, into Krasnovodsk Bay. He reported the result of his exploration to the czar, and forwarded to him maps drawn up by himself of the east coast of the Caspian.

Peter, on receiving the prince's report and maps, ordered that the latter should be verified, and commissioned a naval officer to undertake the work. Prince Bekovitch Cherkasski was at the same time summoned to Libau, in the Baltic provinces, where Peter formally commissioned him to take the command of a military expedition, which was to proceed

along the ancient bed of the Oxus to Khiva. The expeditionary force was to consist of six thousand men—infantry and cavalry—of whom one thousand were to guard the fort which it had been resolved to build at the former mouth of the Oxus, in Krasnovodsk Bay. A second fort was to be constructed at Karagatch, either close to the embankment or at any other point suitable for the diversion of the stream into its old channel; and a detachment was to march from Krasnovodsk along the old bed of the Oxus up to the actual river, where it was to leave a force in the newly-raised fort, and then march to Khiva along the river bank, "carefully studying the current of the Oxus, and the dams, so as to form a judgment as to the practicability of damming the course of the stream then flowing into the Aral Lake, and the amount of labor that would be required for performing the work." Khiva was to be reached by two separate columns, of which the principal one, five thousand strong, was to march from Gurief, on the north coast of the Caspian, close to the mouth of the Ural River, as far as Karagatch, where it was to halt and construct the fort already spoken of; while the second and lesser column, one thousand strong, marching from Krasnovodsk along the old bed of the river, was to man the fort, and afterwards follow the chief column to Khiva. The expedition as a whole was to call itself the escort of a caravan, and some thirty merchants, with their attendants, were really to accompany it. Five thousand troops formed rather a large escort for a caravan consisting of thirty merchants and one hundred and sixty-five attendants; but the leader of the force professed to have none but commercial and diplomatic objects in view.

As so often happens with combined expeditions, one portion of the expeditionary force never reached its destination. The Krasnovodsk column does not seem to have started, so difficult was it found to procure the requisite number of camels. Thus the project of reconnoitring the old bed of the Oxus along its entire length from Krasnovodsk to Karagatch, at four days' march from Khiva, was not carried out. After some very rapid marching, executed under trying circumstances, during two months of the hottest period of the year, Prince Bekovitch arrived at Karagatch, and would no doubt, in accordance with his instructions, have built a fort near the Oxus embankment had he not suddenly been attacked by the Khivans; and, al-

though the Khivan forces were on this occasion easily repulsed, Bekovitch's expedition is known to have ended in the destruction of the entire force. Meanwhile nothing had been done towards diverting the course of the Oxus; and, although Peter gave signs of an intention to send out a second expedition, no further attempt was made towards turning the river or even towards exploring the ancient channel along its entire length from Krasnovodsk Bay to Karagatch, until the expedition of Perofski in 1837. This expedition, which, though not attended with such disastrous results, was in one sense far less successful than that of Prince Bekovitch (since it was stopped by the snow and by the loss of nearly the whole of the camels before it had marched a quarter of the distance to Khiva), had originally been announced as a scientific expedition undertaken "for the purpose of exploring the shores of the Aral Lake and the ancient bed of the Oxus." But Perofski did not go near the ancient bed of the Oxus; and, though during General Kaufmann's time expeditions for visiting the ancient bed of the Oxus and determining the practicability of restoring the river to its former course have frequently been reported, these have usually been regarded as expeditions directed against the Turcomans; and it is tolerably certain that more than one of these so-called scientific expeditions has approached Merv. It sometimes happens, however, that the victims of deception end by deceiving themselves; and if the news now published by the Russian newspapers as to the destruction of the Oxus embankment and the return of the river to its old bed be true, it must be concluded that the detachments alleged on so many occasions to have been sent out with the view of determining the question of the old bed of the river were really despatched with that view. They may have wished at the same time to operate against the Tekke Turcomans. But the seizure and annexation of Merv would be as nothing compared with the conquest or creation of a new waterway from the Caspian to Khiva and the various countries washed by the upper Oxus in the region to the north of Afghanistan and of Cashmere. It does not of course follow, even if the river had been brought back to its old course, from Karagatch all the way to Krasnovodsk Bay, that the stream would be navigable from the Caspian upwards. Apart, however, from the question of navigation, the conversion of the Oxus into its ancient channel would bring water into a steppe of

sand and enable the Russians to march from Krasnovodsk to Khiva by a route not more than three hundred and sixty miles in length, across a desert which they have hitherto, for want of water, been unable to traverse in any large force.

From The Academy.

HANS HENDRIK.*

THE annals of literature, although abounding with the productions of countless authors representing all ages and nearly all nations, have hitherto been unable to record the existence of a work emanating from the brain, and transmitted by the pen, of an Eskimo. That deficiency has now been supplied. The work before us is the plain, unvarnished history of the life and adventures of one of those wandering nomads — who pass their lives in months of ceaseless sunshine and months of endless darkness — as chronicled by himself.

Those who have interested themselves in the work of polar exploration, and have read the various narratives of the more recent Arctic expedition, published by the commanders on their return, cannot fail to be acquainted with the name of Hans Hendrik.

We first hear of him in 1853, when he was but a lad some seventeen years of age, accompanying Dr. Kane, the eminent American Arctic explorer, in the capacity of hunter and dog-driver to the expedition. Readers of Dr. Kane's admirable description of this voyage will be able, in a manner, to realize the hardships and sufferings endured by our hero during two terribly severe winters. On this occasion he was the sole companion of Moreton when he reported his great discovery of an "open Polar Sea," now proved to have no existence.

The author's account of how he first accepted employment with the Americans, and his parting from home, is thus laconically described:—

I heard that they were looking for a native companion, and that his parents should have payment during his absence. Nobody being willing, I, Hans Hendrik, finally took a liking to join them, and I said I would go. The ship's master tried to get one assistant more, but did not succeed.

I went to inform my mother of my intention

and she gainsaid me, and begged me not to join them; but I replied, "If no mischief happen me I shall return, and I shall earn money for thee; but certainly I pity my dear younger brothers who have not grown food-winners as yet, especially the youngest, Nathaniel." At last we started, and when we left my countrymen and relatives, to be sure it was very disheartening. Still, I thought, if I do not perish I shall return. How strange! This was not to be fulfilled.

Hans, it must be remembered, though a dweller within the Arctic circle, had always lived in the southern part of it, and had therefore never experienced any long period of darkness. His terror and astonishment at the excessive darkness and long-continued absence of the sun in their first winter quarters in latitude 79° is related in the following graphic manner:—

Then it really grew winter and dreadfully cold, and the sky speedily darkened. Never had I seen the dark season like this; to be sure it was awful; I thought we should have no daylight any more. I was seized with fright, and fell a-weeping; I never in my life saw such darkness at noon-time. As the darkness continued for three months, I really believed we should have no daylight more. However, finally it dawned, and brightness having set in, I used to go shooting hares.

That our hero was a keen and successful sportsman is fully exemplified, not only by his own words — and he certainly regards his hunting excursions as the most important duties connected with an Arctic expedition — but also by the statements of the different commanders with whom he served, who testify to his skill and energy, and aver that the lives of many of his scurvy-stricken comrades were undoubtedly saved by his promptitude in procuring game.

Instead of returning to the southward with Dr. Kane, Hans elected to remain and take his chance with a more northerly tribe, called by Sir John Ross the Arctic Highlanders, with whom he lived for several years. He thus describes his attachment to them:—

At length I wholly attached myself to them, and followed them when they removed to the south. I got the man of highest standing among them as my foster father, and when I had dwelled several winters with them, I began to think of taking a wife, although an unchristened one. First, I went a-wooing to a girl of good morals, but I gave her up, as her father said: "Take my sister." The latter was a widow and ill-reputed. Afterwards I got a sweetheart whom I resolved never to part with, but to keep as my wife in the country of the Christians. Since then she has been baptized and partaken of the Lord's Supper.

* *Memoirs of Hans Hendrik, the Arctic Traveller.* Written by Himself. Translated from the Eskimo Language by Dr. Henry Rink. (Trübner.)

We next read of the author being engaged in 1860, in the same capacity as before, by Dr. Hayes, who had served as a subordinate in Dr. Kane's expedition, and who found our hero living with his newly adopted friends at Cape York. On this occasion he was permitted to take his wife and child with him.

This expedition wintered some little distance to the southward of the position where Dr. Kane had established his winter quarters. He does not appear to have been a great favorite with the men, partly because he was supposed to have caused the desertion, and consequent death, of another Eskimo, of whom he was jealous; and partly because he was suspected of having been the immediate cause, through a want of attention, of the death of Mr. Sontag, the astronomer, who was frozen while away on a sledging journey with Hans. His account of the latter adventure is interesting and pathetically related; but we are bound to admit that, by his own showing, he does not appear to have made strenuous exertions to save his comrade's life. It is, however, but charitable to suppose that it is simply his inability as a writer, or perhaps his modesty as a man, that makes him appear indifferent to his companion's sufferings. His conduct on this occasion affords a striking contrast to the noble devotion of two young officers belonging to Sir George Nares' expedition, who were placed in almost identical circumstances, but who succeeded in bringing their poor frozen comrade alive to his ship. In spite of his apparent apathy on this occasion, he seems to possess a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness: the death of his mother-in-law, he tells us, was a "hard blow" to him; while his description of those among whom he had elected to live is such as to make us wish that many in our own more civilized country could be alluded to in the same terms; for he says that "they are never false, but always loving towards each other."

When Captain Hall sailed on his memorable voyage in 1871 Hans was again induced to try his fortunes with the Americans, more especially as his old shipmate Moreton was on board the "Polaris." The account that he gives us as to how he shipped and the amount of wages he was to receive is most amusing, and is certainly very different from the compact we should have expected to be made between a simple and ignorant man and a shrewd Yankee dealer:—

The boat having landed, the assistant trader

said, "The merchant wants thee to join them." A little while after the ship's mate, Mister Tarsta, said, "What pay dost thou want per month?" I answered, "Ten dollars." He said, "It is too little, is it not?" I said "Twenty-five." He again, "It is too little." At last, as I did not demand any more, he asked, "Will fifty be sufficient?" I replied, "Yes, that will do." He added, "Art thou willing to perform sailor's work on board, or not?" I agreed so to do, with the exception of going aloft. When I had spoken thus, he was satisfied, and said that we were to start the next day.

After the death of Captain Hall, which event is alluded to by the author in feeling terms, Hans seems to have been subjected to a good deal of chaff and practical joking at the hands of the crew, which the poor fellow, not understanding or appreciating the white man's notions of fun, took in sober earnest, as the following lines testify:—

Once when the sun had reappeared, I heard that I was to be punished in man-of-war fashion. The sailors informed me, "To-morrow, at nine, thou wilt be tied and brought down to the smithy. Mister Tarsta will come to fetch thee after nine o'clock. Take breakfast without fear; if thou art afraid thou wilt be treated ill." When I heard this, I pitied my wife and little children. The next morning when we rose, towards breakfast time, my wife, our daughter, and I fell a-weeping. Our little son asked, "Why do ye cry?" From pity we were unable to give an answer. However, they brought us our breakfast, and, though without appetite, we had just begun eating when we heard a knocking at the door. It was opened, and Mister Tarsta, with a smiling look, made his appearance, and accosted us: "*Godmorgen*, are ye eating?" whereupon, still smiling, he petted our children and left us, and a heavy stone was removed from my heart. I also thanked God, who had shown mercy to a poor little creature.

His horror that corporal punishment should be inflicted on board white men's ships is expressed in a long conversation with Joe, the other Eskimo serving on board the "Polaris," at page fifty-seven. He concludes his conversation by saying that he will never again take service under the Americans, but should the English wish to engage him he would go! We cannot help thinking that Master Hans inserted this little paragraph after he had returned from our recent Arctic expedition, as he was totally unacquainted with the English or their customs before he was engaged by Sir George Nares to serve on board the "Discovery."

Those who are acquainted with the history of this expedition will remember how

on a dark October night, with a fierce gale howling around them, nineteen human beings were separated from their ship, and drifted down on an ice floe, during six long dark months, exposed to all the severities of an Arctic winter, through Baffin's Bay to Davis' Straits, a distance, almost incredible to relate, of fifteen hundred miles! The only shelter that they had was that which their own resources could afford. Our author was one of this party, whose salvation, indeed, was mainly owing to his energy and skill as a hunter. It was he who, when hope was almost extinguished, succeeded in shooting some seals and a bear, and was thus instrumental in keeping his companions alive. In the official account, published by the United States government, of the cruise of the "Polaris," our author is spoken of in the following high terms: "The valuable services of Joe and Hans, as interpreters and hunters, often maintained the very lives of the ship's company." On being rescued from their floating prison by an English sealer, Hans was taken to America, in which country he remained for some months, until an opportunity offered of sending him back to Greenland. His astonishment at everything he saw in the United States is amusingly expressed in several pages. Sometimes his surprise was so great as to cause him to moralize, and to exclaim to his companion, Joe, "How wonderful that all these people subsist from the trifle that the soil produces; behold the numberless houses, the charming shores yonder, and this calm sea, how inviting!"

When Sir George Nares sailed in command of our last Arctic expedition he expressly called in at the little Danish settlement of Prøven, on the west coast of Greenland, in order to secure the services of Hans, as hunter and interpreter to one of his ships. In this he was successful, and although he was informed that his wife and family could not accompany him, as in previous expeditions, he was easily induced to try his fortunes once more in the far north. His services during that expedition are thus alluded to by Captain Nares in his official account: "All speak in the highest terms of Hans the Eskimo, who was untiring in his exertions with the dog sledge and in procuring game." The same fits of despondency seem to have attacked him during the winter on board the "Discovery" as he was subject to in the American expeditions. He always seemed to be under the impression that he was regarded with disfavor by a portion of the

crew, and that they had resolved to flog him, if not to kill him. It appears to be the fashion among the Eskimo when feeling depressed to run away from their comrades, and seek relief either in solitude or death. The author describes at page thirty-eight the disappearance of a young Eskimo, whose desertion and consequent death was attributed by several of the members of Dr. Hayes' expedition to the ill-treatment he received from Hans himself; and at page ninety he gives an account of his own desertion from the "Discovery" because he thought that some of the crew had conspired against him to flog him. This so preyed upon his mind that he resolved to run away, although he naively remarks, "Our captain likes me; perhaps he will send people in search of me." After he had gone a short distance from the ship he very wisely halted, knowing, as he said, that he would be searched for. He was soon found and brought on board, but not, however, before he had caused a great deal of anxiety to all on board, who were apprehensive for his safety, exposed as he was for some hours to a temperature many degrees below zero.

Hans, undoubtedly, regarded himself as one of the most important members in each and all of the expeditions with which he was connected. According to his own account, he was invariably consulted as to the route to be adopted, and on other matters, as the following lines will show: "When we were going, our captain said, 'Now show us the road; go ahead of us, and we will follow.'" Again: "The captain used to question me, 'Which way are we to go?' I answered, 'Look here, this will be better.' It was lucky the commander treated me as a comrade"! Speaking of Captain Nares, he says: "The captain of our other ship was beyond all praise; one might think he neither slept nor ate. Sitting in his look-out in the mast, he sometimes took his meat there. On account of his extraordinary skill in ice-navigation, he was our leader." A vein of simplicity pervades the whole book, though strongly marked by egotism, but this is hardly to be wondered at, more especially when we are told that the work was almost entirely written from memory; the few notes that the author possessed being in all probability those taken during the time he was serving with the last English expedition. In making even those few notes the author was doubtless prompted by observing so many men belonging to the crew of the "Discovery" keeping regular written journals. Hans is now, we

are told, established as boatswain and laborer at one of the Greenland settlements. For an Eskimo, he must be regarded by his neighbors as a wealthy man, for the interest of the money he received as pay in his four expeditions would certainly yield a very comfortable competence to a resident in Greenland. Let us hope he will live long to enjoy the comforts of a life at home, and we may surely add to the name which he has already earned for himself as a mighty hunter a new reputation as an author.

The credit for the appearance of this little book is entirely due to Dr. Rink, who has so admirably translated and edited it. He is perhaps the only man in the world who could have undertaken the task and executed it so well. A master of the Eskimo language, and perfectly familiar, from a long residence in Greenland, with the manners and customs of the natives, besides possessing a personal knowledge of the author, he was peculiarly fitted for the work which he has so successfully concluded; and which will, we predict, take its place amid the many volumes of Arctic adventure which are now before the public, and be read with equal interest.

Dr. Rink, in an introduction, gives a slight sketch of the early life of the author, and briefly summarizes the narratives of the four expeditions in which Hans Hendrik served, and which had for their object the attainment of a high northern latitude.

ALBERT H. MARKHAM.

From The Spectator.

THE VARIOUS CAUSES OF SCEPTICISM.

MR. GLADSTONE, in his remarkable article in the *Contemporary Review* on "The Sixteenth Century Arraigned Before the Nineteenth," and Mr. Baldwin Brown, in his not less remarkable address to the Congregational Union at Liverpool on Tuesday on the explanation of the great sceptical movements of the day, strike the same note. They hold that the truest explanation of the shortcomings of scepticism in our generation is the fault of the orthodoxy of the previous generation. It was the practical paganism of the Catholic world, say both, which gave rise to the Reformation; and it was the onesidedness of the various Reformers which gave rise to the intellectual revolts of the later heresiarchs. Thus, Mr. Baldwin Brown holds that it was Calvinism which caused Unitarianism. "Take the Unitarian heresy in

modern times. He held that the high Calvinistic theology, coming perilously near, as it did, to the presentation of an interior discord in the triune nature, which was harmonized by the atonement, almost inevitably developed a community which could see only the unity, and felt itself called to bear witness to the vital aspect of that truth to the world." And no doubt not only is there very great truth in the general doctrine that the degeneracy of a great faith almost inevitably leads to the sincere proclamation of some half-true but energetic doctrine which is the natural protest against the spurious form in which that faith has been held,—just as idolatrous tendencies in Christianity directly promoted the spread of Mahommedanism,—but those who know the history of Calvinism and Unitarianism know how much there is to be said for Mr. Baldwin Brown's special illustration of it. At the same time, we cannot believe that explicit reaction against a degenerate and implicitly heterodox faith, is the sufficient explanation of all such forms of error. Else what are we to say to the widespread atheism,—or to the still more dangerous, because colder and more indifferent, secularism,—of the present day? Is that to be explained as a legitimate reaction against the hollowness of any previous form of religious faith? It can hardly be true that *all* falsehood is half-truth, and is the proper cure for some deficiency in the previous profession of the truth. It may well be indeed that while the people of Europe were slowly learning to believe in a righteous and loving God, it was impossible for them to be taught to believe in physical law; and it may also be that now when the people of Europe are being taught the meaning and uses of physical law, it is not very easy for them to retain at the highest point,—the point of truth,—their belief in a righteous and loving God. Nobody can say that in dealing with "such creatures as we are, in such a world as the present," it is easy to give us a firm grasp of any great class of truths whatever, without loosening our grasp on some other class of truths, perhaps nobler and more vital, though it may be also, for that very reason, a class of truths less difficult to recover. Still, this is a very different thing from saying that every form of explicit error is due to reaction against some still more serious implicit error in the faith of our fathers. Voltaire may have been raised up as a wholesome scourge of selfish superstitions, and yet it does not follow that every one who follows

Voltaire has been driven into the rank of his followers by disgust for such superstitions. So far as we can see, the theory that the spiritual and moral law of action and reaction will account for all dominant errors, is an exaggeration of the function of a valuable, though limited principle. Doubtless, asceticism and monasticism lead to reactions in which the fibre of human character is dangerously relaxed; doubtless, mysticism encourages the growth of rationalism, and rationalism in its turn some kind of regression to idealism and mysticism. Still, these complementary phases of faith are not sufficient, or nearly sufficient, to account for all we see; nor could they be so, unless man were indeed alone in the world, and the Hegelianism which explains all his convictions as partly the growth of, and partly the recoil against, previous convictions, were true. What it leaves out of account is the free, reciprocal action — not necessarily determined by any considerations of this sort, — of God on man, and if we may say so without irreverence, since this is clearly the teaching of Christ, — of man on God. Luther never forgot this most important of all the explanations of the growth or decay of the religious life. "We say to our Lord God," he said, "that if he will have his Church, he must keep it, for we cannot keep it; and if we could, we should be the proudest asses under heaven." And Luther implied, of course, that it might please God to humble the Church, to make it feel his presence less at one time, as well as more at another; to give it, for his good purposes, times of aridity, conventionality, and artificiality, as well as times of rich and flowing faith. And if it be true, as Christ teaches, that man may take the initiative with God, as well as God with man, — that times of trust are times of grace, that knocking leads to opening, — that when man throws himself on God, God pours a new tide of spiritual life into man, then, surely, one of the explanations of a want of faith in the invisible is a previous want of appeal to the invisible, — a self-occupation in thoughts and things which turn us away from the invisible, a life of absorption in the superficial phenomena of existence, a generation of outward interests and outward service. This is an explanation almost opposite to that of the law of action and reaction. That law would suggest that to an age of too much outwardness and coldness, an age of pietism or mysticism would inevitably succeed. Yet such is by no means the universal experience

of men. On the contrary, the age in which it was said that "the word of the Lord was precious in those days, — there was no open vision," immediately preceded the age in which the Jews demanded a king, because their faith in that succession of divine judges by which they had been distinguished from the neighboring peoples, had in great measure disappeared. The times distinguished by the apparent silence of heaven frequently lead to periods which are relatively periods of secularism in human history, not to periods of true and deep religious life. And the recent access of atheism seems to be even more due to an apparent dryness of the spiritual life of man (which may be quite as much due to the will of heaven as to the will of man) than to any reaction from former superstitions. As Luther would have said, God has not thought fit to keep his Church as he once kept it. God may have willed that, for a time, it would be better for man to try to the full, what he could and what he could not do, without conscious trust in himself. He may have willed, — as he certainly appears to have willed during many generations even of the life of the people who were specially trained to reveal his mind to the world, — to withhold that stream of spiritual inspiration which is perhaps the only thing corresponding, in the religious life, to what the physicists call "verification" in the world of positive phenomena. We hear on all sides the complaint of the agnostics that it is not their fault if they do not believe in God, — that they will believe at once, if his existence can be verified to them, — that, as Professor Huxley puts it, "no drowning sailor ever clutched a hen-coop more tenaciously" than they would clutch a belief in God which could be verified. If they do not exactly cry aloud, they yet seem to cry under their breath, with the prophet, "Oh, that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence!" in other words, that if only something physical might "verify" the divine presence for them, they would be only too happy to accept it. And yet in almost the same breath they declare, — and declare most reasonably, — that nothing physical could prove it, that happen what might, they could only interpret any physical event as a new aspect of nature, that nature is so large and so elastic, that no room is left in it for any thing physical to rank as supernatural. Well, it is obvious that such a state of mind as this is one which could be changed by the direct touch of

the divine spirit, and by that only, — by an event of the soul, not an event of the body, — by the power which convinces the conscience, not by any power which only enlarges the experience of the senses.

But it does not follow that because no such event happens, — because the only verification of which the case admits, does not take place, — the agnostic has either, on the one hand, the least right to suppose himself entitled to assume the negative view to be true; or on the other hand, may fairly be regarded by those who do recognize as final evidence the influence of God over their soul, as morally inferior to themselves. Neither of these conclusions is true. The agnostic is not right, for his negative experience, however frequently repeated, cannot outweigh a single clear experience of a positive kind. But none the less, he must not, on account of this negative experience, be treated as morally inferior to one who has verified the existence of a divine will over him and in him; for if it has been, as doubtless it has, for the advantage of mankind that hundreds of generations should have felt the need of high social and moral laws, before ever social and moral laws were established and obeyed, and that hundreds of generations more felt the need of a clear recognition of constant physical laws, before physical laws were discovered and turned to account, why should it not also be for the advantage of man that certain classes, even in the modern times of larger knowledge and higher aims, should be taught to feel acutely the need of a divine light for the true interpretation even of those physical principles of order, which they are so strenuous in asserting and enforcing in their apparent divorce from any spiritual principle? We may say roughly, — a very great thinker indeed did say, — that during the Middle Ages thinking men were chiefly occupied in sounding their own minds, to see how much light the careful exploring of those minds might shed on the external order of things; and that a knowledge of the insufficiency of the study of mind to explain the laws of matter, was the first step to that true study of the laws of matter which followed. And we believe that the eminent agnostics of the present day may be said to be discharging the similar function, of exaggerating indefinitely the influence of material laws in things moral and spiritual, in order eventually to show their well-marked limits; that they are trying (and failing) to prove that material laws are the true keys to the knowledge of mental and moral life,

just as the Middle Ages tried and failed to show that moral and spiritual laws were the true keys to the knowledge of material life. And it would be just as foolish to suppose the modern physicists inferior to those who do not fall into their error, only because they are not equally fascinated by their truths as it would have been to denounce the schoolmen as morally inferior to the first heralds of the new science, only for trying to deduce principles of astronomy out of the *a-priori* and abstract conceptions of the human mind. The truth is, that in every great stage of human progress there is, and must be, an undue appreciation of the step just made. In some sense, it may be said that Providence is the real cause of that undue appreciation. It is, of course, the divine guidance which determines the main lines of direction and intensity for human thought; and if the Creator withdraws himself at times from the vision of men, or of some men, it is no doubt for the benefit of all men that he does so. To speak of those who do not themselves see God as "living without God in the world," is itself atheism. You might as well suppose that before the atmosphere was recognized as having weight and substance, men who did not know the difference between it and a vacuum, lived without the air they breathed. God is not less behind the consciousness of men who have no glimpse of him through their consciousness, then he is within the heart of those who worship him; and the only real rejection of God is the resistance to his word, whether it be felt as his word, or only as a mysterious claim on the human will which it is impossible adequately to define. We hold that, in a sense, God is himself, in all probability, no unfrequent cause of the blindness of men to his presence. He retires behind the veil of sense, when he wishes us to explore the boundaries of sense, and to become fully aware of a life beyond. The physicists in every school are doing this great work for us now. They are explaining, defining, mapping all the currents of physical influence, and from time to time crying out, like Professor Huxley, for "the hen-coop" of which, like shipwrecked sailors, they see no sign; like Professor Tyndall, for the elevating idealism which is conspicuous by its absence in all their investigations; like Professor Clifford, for something to replace the theism of Kingsley and Martineau. To suppose that the men who are doing this great work, — who are mapping for us the quicksands and sunken rocks of physical scepticism, — are necessarily

deserted by God, because they do not see him, is to be more truly atheists than any physicist. There is a scepticism which is of God's making, in order that we may see how many of the highest springs of human life are founded in trust, — how everything else fails, even in the highest minds, to produce order, peace, and calm. The physicists of to-day are suffering for us, as well as for themselves. It is their failure to find light, which will show where the light is not, and also where it is. As Mr. Mallock well says, in the best paper he has yet written — that in the *Nineteenth Century*, on "Faith and Verification," — the pitiful cries of modern physicists, as they raise their hands to what they deem a spiritual vacuum, are about the best auguries we could have that it is not in physical science that man can ever find his salvation.

From The Sunday Magazine.
LICHENS.

LICHENS run through the whole chromatic scale, and show what striking effects nature can produce by an harmonious combination of a few simple lines and hues. Most of them are of a quiet grey tint, but some display the most vivid colors. One species covers trees and rocks with bright yellow, powdery patches; another sprinkles them with a kind of green rust, especially in the neighborhood of large towns. Almost every old wall, castle, and rocky seashore is emblazoned with the brilliant deep yellow rosettes of the common wall parmelia. Olive-green and pale primrose-yellow lichens diversify the surface of moorland boulders and dykes. And what is very remarkable, the higher we ascend the mountain-side, the farther north we penetrate, the brighter becomes the coloring and the more graceful and luxuriant the form of lichens; presenting in this respect a parallel to many flowering plants, such as the birch, whose stem is whiter, and whose leaves are more shining and fragrant in Norway than in this country. One of the loveliest species is the "geographical lichen" (*Lecidea geographica*), which is the most arctic, antarctic, and alpine plant in the world, occupying the extreme outpost of vegetation in altitude and latitude; and its yellow-green crust becomes brighter, smoother, and more continuous, and its characteristic black dots and lines, like towns, and rivers, and boun-

daries on a map, become deeper and glossier the nearer we approach the limit of perpetual snow. It is a fit companion of those exquisite alpine flowers that bloom their fairest in the same desolate circumstances, and exhibit a grace and beauty far surpassing those of their favored sisters of the plain. The little cup lichen that holds up its tiny goblets in myriads to catch the dewdrops upon the turfy top of every old wall and bank, assumes in one of its kindred forms that grows at a great height upon the mountains, a larger size, a more elegant shape, and a more tender color. Nothing of the kind can be lovelier than this mountain species, with its soft sulphur-colored cups decked round the edge with waxen heads of the most brilliant scarlet, creeping over the bleak alpine turf, and forming, with the gay flowers of the purple saxifrage and the moss campion, a tiny garden in the wilderness. On the wildest islands of the Antarctic Ocean, where nothing else but lichens grow, some of the finest species abound, whose large polished black shields contrast beautifully with their yellow shrubby stems; and on the tundras, or vast plains that border the polar ocean, the eye is delighted beyond measure with the delicate and intricate branching and the snowy purity of the larger lichens, which form almost the only vegetation. One lichen in New Zealand imitates the finest lace-work; another found on our grey northern moors resembles miniature coral; and on the highest and most exposed ridges of the Scottish mountains one leafy species occurs whose under side is of the most splendid orange color, while its upper surface, constantly wetted by the clouds and mists, is of the most vivid green, varied by the chocolate color of its large, flat, shield-like fructification. Thus, where we should expect the vegetation to partake of the sombre nature of the locality, and to be dwarfed, ill-shapen, and discolored by the unfavorable circumstances, we find the most perfect and luxuriant forms; and just as the lichens in our sheltered woods and valleys flourish best in wild wintry weather, so do their congeners in the exposed altitudes and latitudes of the world, where there is a perpetual winter and storms continually prevail, exhibit their brightest coloring and their most graceful shapes; reading to us thus the most needful lesson of one of the sweet uses of adversity, viz., to perfect that which concerneth us — to complete the ideal which a too easy and pleasant life often fails to realize.